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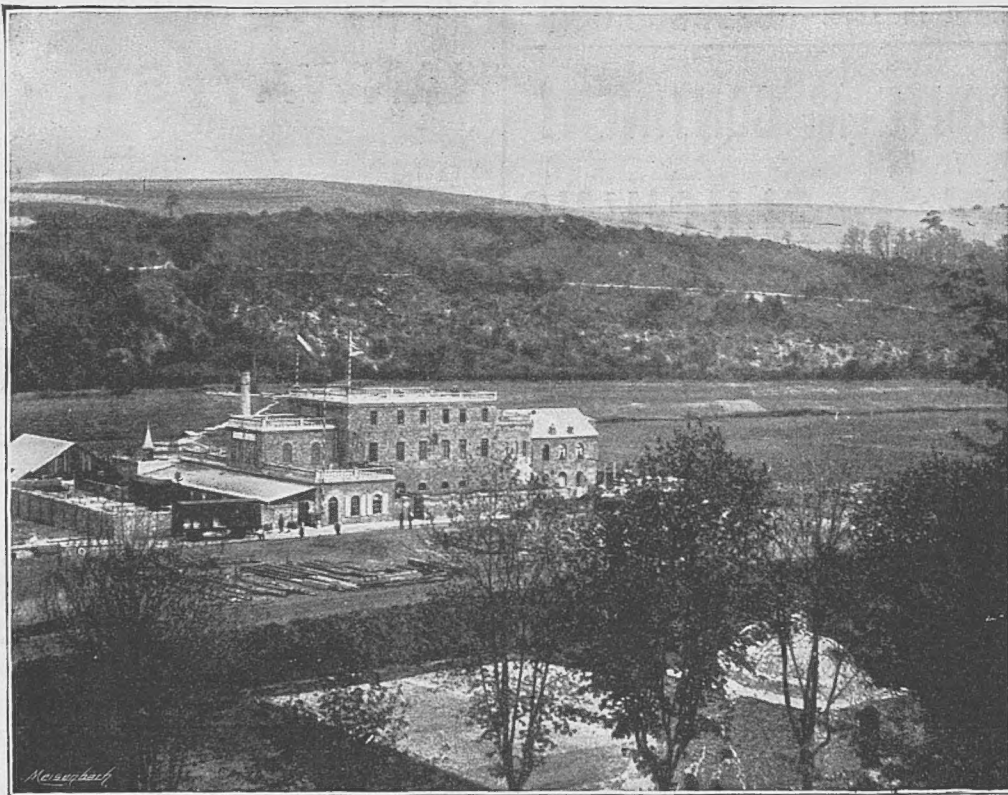
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No. 37.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1893.

SIXPENCE.

By Post, 6½d.

PRINCESS ZARA.

A CHAT WITH MISS NANCY McINTOSH.

Whether clad in the foamy, cloud-like garment which Princess Zara wears in the first act of "Utopia (Limited)," or in the more prosaic tailor-made gown of every-day life, Miss Nancy McIntosh is endowed with exceptional grace of figure and movement, and possesses the dainty finish of appearance which seems to be every American girl's birthright. She is also dowered with that excellent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice.

"Is this my first experience of theatrical life?" she echoed. "Why, certainly. Until something like a month ago I had never stepped on to a stage in my life; but I have taken very kindly to the boards," she added, smiling, "and, so far from being a weariness, each rehearsal was a pleasant experience. But that, I must confess, was greatly owing to Mr. Gilbert, who is the most delightful and painstaking stage-manager possible. Of course, I have not had any experience of what others are like, but I shouldn't think that Mr. Gilbert has his match in the wide world. I never knew so patient a man. After you have done a thing wrong twenty times, he will put you right the twenty-first as amiably as if he were telling you quite a new thing."

"It must have been no easy task to familiarise yourself with the words of the opera?"

"Well, you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I became word-perfect in a day and a half, thirty-six hours—of course, before I had even seen the score."

"And how did it come to pass, Miss McIntosh, that you exchanged oratorio for operetta?"

"Thereby hangs a tale," she said gaily. "You must know that for a year after my arrival in England I studied with Mr. Henschel, making my début as a soprano last November at a Saturday Popular Concert. A fortnight later I met Mr. W. T. S. Gilbert at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, and after hearing me sing he asked me if I had ever thought of adopting the lyric stage as a profession. I told him that I thought I should like it very much, but that I felt doubtful of my ability to distinguish myself as an actress, having had no experience whatever in that capacity. Nothing further was said, and I thought no more of the conversation, but continued my concert work, being fortunate enough to obtain engagements to sing at many of the most important London concerts, including the two Wagner Concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic, the Crystal Palace Saturday, and Sir Charles Hallé's Orchestral Concerts, singing between whiles in oratorio in the provinces. Again I met Mr. Gilbert, and he then suggested that if I was still disposed to entertain the idea of the lyric stage he would ask Sir Arthur Sullivan

to hear me sing, with a view to an engagement in the opera which he and Mr. Gilbert were writing for the Savoy Theatre. Of course, I was delighted to accept his offer, and a few days later I was invited to sing before Sir Arthur. It was really on that occasion that I stepped on to a stage the first time in my life."

"It must have been rather a thrilling experience."

"Yes, indeed—singing to that great empty house, and knowing that so much depended on it. However, I suppose it went all right, for I was then offered an engagement to take the principal soprano part in

the new opera now known to all the world as 'Utopia (Limited).'"

"Do you not find that having to speak so constantly interferes to a certain extent with your singing?"

"No, indeed. I thoroughly enjoy the acting, and then Sir Arthur's music is singularly adapted to my voice. I have a wide compass, and can sing from C above to F below; indeed, sometimes at rehearsal," she continued, smiling, "I have sung the score an octave lower in order to save my voice."

"You have evidently made your theatrical début under the happiest auspices. There does not seem to have been even a crumpled rose-leaf."

"Crumpled rose-leaf—no, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Think of the gowns!" and an essentially feminine look of content pervaded Princess Zara. "I have never seen anything so beautiful in the way of stage clothes, and it is, of course, a pleasure wearing pretty things."

"And will the lovers of oratorio music know you no more, Miss McIntosh?"

"My great ambition," she replied, "is to sing 'Elijah.' I hope you will consider that a sufficient answer to your question. Then, you know, I have made in the past a great specialty of Scotch songs, partly because my father's people were Scotch, and I am very fond of the 'Land o' Cakes.' Now, don't ask me which is my favourite ballad, for I like them all. All I can say is that I learnt Scotch, if I may so express myself, with the special object in view of singing Scotch songs, so, you see, I take them quite seriously."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask what is your favourite recreation, or how you employ your time when you are not singing, or practising, or rehearsing?"

"I go in for fencing in my spare time," she observed with a twinkle in her eye. "I consider it the finest exercise in the world, if you except riding. In my old American home, down in Ohio, and at Pittsburg, I have spent many a happy day in the saddle. On one occasion I rode fifty-two miles through the Alleghany Mountains; it took me ten hours. But those are past delights, for I have not been home since I came here for the first time, three years ago, and, although riding and singing are not incompatible, they are somewhat at variance from a practical point of view."



Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

MISS NANCY McINTOSH.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Regular festival-goers have their likes and dislikes. Some care only for the tranquil surroundings of a three-choir gathering; some delight in the excitement and fuss prevailing at Birmingham and Leeds; while others prefer the happy medium which Norwich affords. Speaking for myself, I am decidedly in favour of Norwich, and for many good reasons besides the excellent one that it happens to be my native city. It has been my lot to assist at some half-dozen or more of the festivals held triennially in the ancient capital of East Anglia; but, with the exception of one or two that the Prince and Princess of Wales have attended, the meeting just concluded has been by far the most enjoyable and successful in all respects that I have ever attended.

The feature of the Norwich week, apart from M. Paderewski, was the triumph of the choir. So long as I can recollect, this has been the best abused and, also, at times, the most indulgently tolerated festival chorus in the kingdom. Imagine, then, the astonishment and delight of the Norwich folk, when they woke up on Wednesday morning, to learn that they were in possession of the best choir heard at their festival within living memory. How had the trick been done? In the very simplest way.



Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East, S.W.

MR. ALBERT RANDEGGER.

The old, worn-out voices—which, through feelings of delicacy, had been harboured much too long—had been got rid of, and a fresh lot introduced; while the neighbouring towns of Yarmouth and Lowestoft were permitted to aid in supplying a substantial contingent of new singers. Mr. Randegger proved himself a conductor capable of profiting by experience.

M. Paderewski came down early and rehearsed his new Polish fantasia on Tuesday morning. After lunch I had the privilege of acting as his cicerone during a stroll round the city. He was delighted with the noble old cathedral; but his interest was even more excited by the castle, which we visited under the kindly guidance of Mr. Boardman, the city architect. Many of your readers are, doubtless, aware that this some time Norman fortress, some time county jail, is being converted into a museum. It will not be open to the public for several months; but I may say that the metamorphosis has been most ingeniously accomplished by Mr. Boardman, and the interior of the ancient keep presents the strangest contrast of Norman walls and windows and modern galleries that one could well imagine. It makes a magnificent hall, and M. Paderewski and Mr. Daniel Mayer were both so impressed by its size that I could not help fancying that they were calculating its holding capacity for a recital.

The performance of "St. Paul" at the opening concert on Tuesday evening put everyone in a good humour. There was much to praise and little to find fault with, the sterling merits of the choir forming the principal theme of conversation. Mr. Ben Davies also came in for special admiration. He has returned from Chicago in splendid form. Wednesday did not pass without some showers, but the morning was fine, and St. Andrew's Hall was filled by a crowded assembly, attracted chiefly by the ever-popular "Golden Legend." Madame Albani, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Henschel furnished an irreproachable solo quartet, and again the choral singing evoked unanimous eulogy. Mr. Edward German's new symphony in A minor, No. 2, which served as prelude to the cantata, scored first success among the novelties. It is emphatically a clever work, and, despite traces of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner, is not wanting in individual touches. The

andante is brimming over with melody, and the scherzo is a gem. The composer conducted, and was afterwards accorded a hearty recall.

Then came the Paderewski night. Happily, it was not an uncomfortable crush, for the committee would not permit the sale of "standing-room" tickets, and the gangways were all kept clear. But not a seat was vacant, and, with the exception of one man in a light tweed suit, who sat in the front row of the stalls, near the Mayor of Norwich, everyone came *en grande toilette*. For handsome frocks and plentiful diamonds, it was an audience worthy of the Opera. Amid a tremendous outburst of welcoming applause, the most gifted of living Polish pianists—pale, thoughtful, interesting as ever—made his first bow in this city, and then sat down to play his new "Fantaisie Polonaise." A work so full of intense national character, technical ingenuity, and masterful writing, alike for piano and orchestra, deserves more detailed criticism than I can give it here; but the composer is to perform it at least twice in London during the present autumn, and amateurs can then judge for themselves what is that made the Norwich audience go wild with delight. If M. Paderewski played grandly, Mr. Randegger and his band unquestionably covered themselves with glory likewise. The achievement was a triumph for all concerned.

After this, little wonder that Mr. Gaul's "Una" fell a trifle flat. Incidental interest attaches to the campanels used in the performance, which produced very beautiful sequences of sound. They were the patent musical gongs of Messrs. Martineau and Smith, of Birmingham. The new cantata will please the audiences that like "The Holy City" and "Joan of Arc." It is quite up to that standard, and as the work of a Norwich man it was not altogether, perhaps, out of place at this festival. Dr. Horace Hill's new overture, "Yewbarrow," deserved its place in the scheme in virtue of sound musicianly qualities; besides, the compliment to the hard-working chorus-master was well earned.

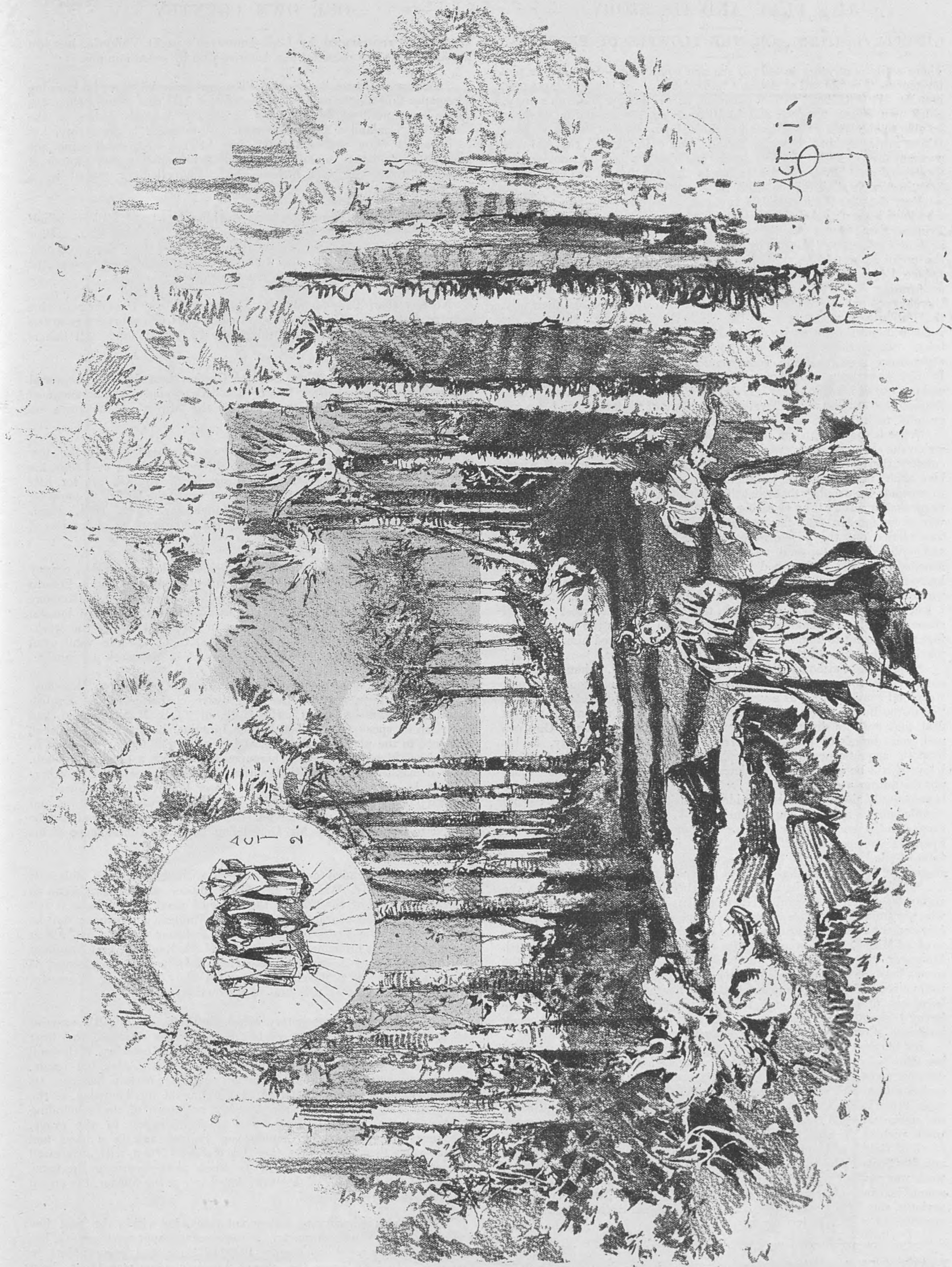
Dr. Hubert Parry is a favourite with the choristers for whom he writes so lovingly, and the cheers that greeted him when he came forward to conduct his "Judith" on Wednesday morning were not a whit less hearty than those which had acclaimed the great Pole a few hours before—only, worse luck, the audience was of much smaller proportions. As some one suggested, if Paderewski would have just come round to the hall and played Chopin's "Funeral March" as a prelude to "Judith" before taking train for London, there would have been another crammed house. Never mind, though; the oratorio went splendidly, and the Norwich choir once more covered itself with glory. Madame Albani, in her best form, sang the part of Judith (was it for the first time?) with wonderful dramatic intensity, and Mr. Lloyd positively thrilled the audience by his delivery of "God Breaketh the Battle," while Madame Marian McKenzie was excellent in the music of the Queen. Dr. Parry was delighted with band, chorus, and principals alike.

Thursday night's miscellaneous selection had the double merit of being eclectic in spirit and attractive in material. Mancinelli's "Cleopatra" overture had, of course, been chosen out of compliment to the composer, whose "Isaias" was first done at this festival in 1890. His presence here was unexpected, but it naturally resulted in his conducting, which in turn resulted in a flattering, if somewhat untimely, encore of the whole overture. Señor Sarasate's curious freak of memory in beginning Mackenzie's "Pibroch" with a phrase from some other work was almost inexplicable; I never recollect an instance exactly like it before. There was no help for it but to begin again, and then the whole piece went from first to last without a flaw, the gifted Spaniard being quite in his best form.

Musically speaking, Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Wishing Bell" bears a strong resemblance to what my American friends call the "Chestnut Bell." Only I am bound to confess that the familiar phrases are dished up in a fairly new and pleasing manner, and set off to advantage by very graceful orchestration; therefore, as an easy cantata for female voices, it just fulfils its purpose. Simple, but effective, is Jetta Vogel's fragment of story about the visit of the chieftain's mother and bride to the church on the lake to pray for his victory and ring the magic Wishing Bell. The episode is nicely suggested, and the lyrics are passable. Mrs. Helen Trust and Madame Marian McKenzie (both suffering from severe colds) sang the solos, and the composer conducted. The hall was again crowded.

Friday, as usual, was the "Messiah" day. I heard a few of the choruses (remarkably well sung), and listened with unalloyed pleasure (no pun intended) to Mr. Ben Davies's rendering of the Passion music. But that is all I can personally testify concerning a performance which, in the opinion of good judges, did Mr. Randegger and his forces infinite credit.

Mr. Cowen's romantic legend, "The Water Lily," produced on Friday evening, was the novelty of the festival. I make no pretence at adequate criticism of this fine work in the space now left me. Readers of Wordsworth's "Egyptian Maid" will recognise most of the material (bar the prologue) of Mr. Joseph Bennett's book, even as they will recognise its conciseness and its constructive merits. Musicians may complain that Mr. Cowen has used the *Leitmotif* so largely, without a more extended development and "metamorphosis" of his themes, but in every other respect they will find the setting of "The Water Lily" an advance upon his previous choral works. It is brimful of melody, and fairylike grace alternates delightfully with serious dramatic expression, each, in turn, being appropriate. "The Water Lily" is difficult, but I predict for it a wide success. The performance, under Mr. Cowen's own careful guidance, formed a worthy ending to a series of eccentric triumphs, the solo parts being irreproachably sustained by Madame Albani, Madame McKenzie, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Salmond.



SCENE FROM "UTOPIA (LIMITED)," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.
DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"UTOPIA (LIMITED); OR, THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS."

There really is no story to tell; if the new comic opera depended on plot for success it would fall as flat as a billiard-table. Of course, a humourist like Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with a musician of Sir Arthur Sullivan's force, aided by a strong company and limitless money for mounting, ought to be able to entertain an audience for three hours without assistance from tale or intrigue. In "Morocco Bound" and "In Town" the feat was accomplished. Yet in the new opera one feels the lack of plot during the second act. Probably this is due to the fact that at the end of the first there seemed all the materials for a pretty imbroglio.

Pray consider the materials a moment. There are the two wise men who have hitherto ruled the King, both of them desperately in love with Princess Zara, who is secretly engaged to a young soldier. The monarch sighs wofully after Lady Sophy, the duenna who would wed him but for the awful tales told by him, under compulsion, of himself in "The Palace Peeper." There is the artful Mr. Goldberry, who has succeeded in forming the whole country into a limited liability company, and thereby put out of joint the noses of the two wise men and their ally, the Public Exploder. Into the bargain is the tremendous effect of the sudden imposition on a semi-barbaric nation of English customs and laws. Surely these are factors enough, with the aid of Mr. Gilbert's topsy-turvy logic, to lead to some wonderful and diverting complications. It may have been a deliberate stroke of Gilbertian humour to avoid making use of his materials. Truly, as a rule, the arch-humourist does despise the obvious, and therefore stale fun of situations, and we are grateful to him; yet such a policy may be pushed too far.

What is the outcome of it all? The King tells Lady Sophy that he wrote the slanders, so she weds him. Immense prosperity comes to the country, therefore a plot is made by the discontented wise men, of whose love affairs nothing is heard after the first act, with the Public Exploder to persuade the people "that what they supposed to be happiness was really unspeakable misery" by swearing an affidavit to that effect. The idea was so far fetched that the audience did not laugh at it. However, it was carried out, the people were convinced, rebelled against the King, and ordered him to send away his new advisers. Then came the *dénouement*. The author had imagined a master-stroke of over-subtle humour. The people were discontented with their prosperity; they wanted something else. What was it? Then the heroine said, "Why, I had forgotten the most important, the most vital, the most essential element of all—Government by party!" One man in the house on the first night began to laugh, but the awful silence checked him. The old joke, "In the name of the Prophet—Fig," was a failure.

Nevertheless, although the great joke is a small one, although—and it seems cruel to say so—one is almost bound to look upon the new "original comic opera" as a very genteel specimen of the class to which "Morocco Bound" belongs, it cannot be denied that it contains a great deal that only its distinguished parents could have written. One can pick out dozens of purely Gilbertian turns. "His Majesty, in his despotic acquiescence with the emphatic wish of his people"; "When I love it will be with the accumulated fervour of sixty-six years": has not the author used that before? "As there is not a civilised king who is sufficiently single to realise my ideal of abstract respectability": is not "sufficiently single" a happy touch? "Why, the fact is that in the cartoons of a comic paper the size of your nose varies inversely as the square of your popularity." "Oh, yes!" is but another and a neater form of "no." There is the quaint speech of Zara in reference to bad singing: "Who thinks slightly of the cocoa-nut because it is husky?"

Nor is it only in witty phrases and brilliant comic songs, that the author has been successful. His treatment of the two younger sisters, who are trained as models of propriety and exhibited, is very funny, and every one of their scenes caused hearty laughter, to which the very clever work of Miss Emmie Owen and Miss Florence Perry greatly contributed. Moreover, the Life Guards were very ably handled, and most of the scenes between Scaphio and Phantis were exceedingly funny and very well played by Messrs. Denny and Le Hay. The "drawing-room" I cannot leave out of account, though if it had occurred anywhere save at the Savoy I should have imagined it to be merely an irrelevant catchpenny business. Certainly, it makes a wonderful scene.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is charming in every respect, and has the merit that we shall not have a surfeit of it in street and drawing-room, as happened with some of the earlier works. The orchestration and deft dealing with difficult rhythms is, perhaps, its most remarkable feature, but many of the melodies are very pleasing, the unaccompanied chorus is a fine piece of writing, and the humorous work realises the ideal of King Francis (Chevalier) in "The Avenue Cloth of Gold" of being funny "without being vulgar." Miss Brandram and Mr. Scott-Fishe were the most successful of the company, and their work was without reproach. Miss Nancy McIntosh must be judged on second hearing. She is pretty, her acting is clever, but from nervousness, perhaps, she hardly did justice to herself or Sir Arthur's music, the *tessitura* of which is terribly high.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

England, as represented by Lord Dunraven's yacht *Valkyrie*, has lost the first of the five races for the America Cup by seven minutes.

"Docker or Deacon"—which? The expressive bill-line of a morning newspaper thus alliteratively puts the case of Mr. Tom Mann, whom the *Times* announced to be preparing to receive deacon's orders in the Church of England. Mr. Mann says this statement is premature, but he does not deny that for some time he has been considering the possibility of doing something towards democratising the Church of England, which he has hitherto been compelled to regard as a hostile body.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mann has been working heart and soul on behalf of the miners. He began life as a pit-lad in Warwickshire. He is responsible for the startling statement that the Yorkshire miner gets only five shillings a day, while the working days for some time before the stoppage averaged only two days and three-quarters a week.

No less than £28,000,000 was spent on railway travelling in this country last year. The money invested in railway undertakings in the United Kingdom figures at something like £1,000,000,000. All this is very difficult to grasp.

Gravesend will remember General Gordon best by the memorial pleasure park named after the hero of Khartoum. A monument of Gordon in terra-cotta was unveiled by the Mayor of the town on Wednesday.

The death of Mr. Ford Madox Brown removes one of the few Pre-Raphaelites left us. Of Scotch parentage, and born at Calais, his life had been associated with the progress of English art for half a century. He did an enormous amount of work, the best of it, perhaps, being the frescoes he did for the Manchester Town Hall, which occupied him eleven years. One of his daughters is the wife of Mr. William Rossetti.

London to-day offers food for very serious reflection, as Mr. Sidney Webb vividly pointed out at the inaugural lecture of the London Reform Union—of which Mr. Mann, by-the-way, is secretary—on Thursday evening. No less than 150,000 families live in single-roomed houses. One in every eight of the population dies in the workhouse or the workhouse infirmary, over 300,000 live in a state of chronic want, and something like 1,300,000 have to subsist on £1 1s. per week per family.

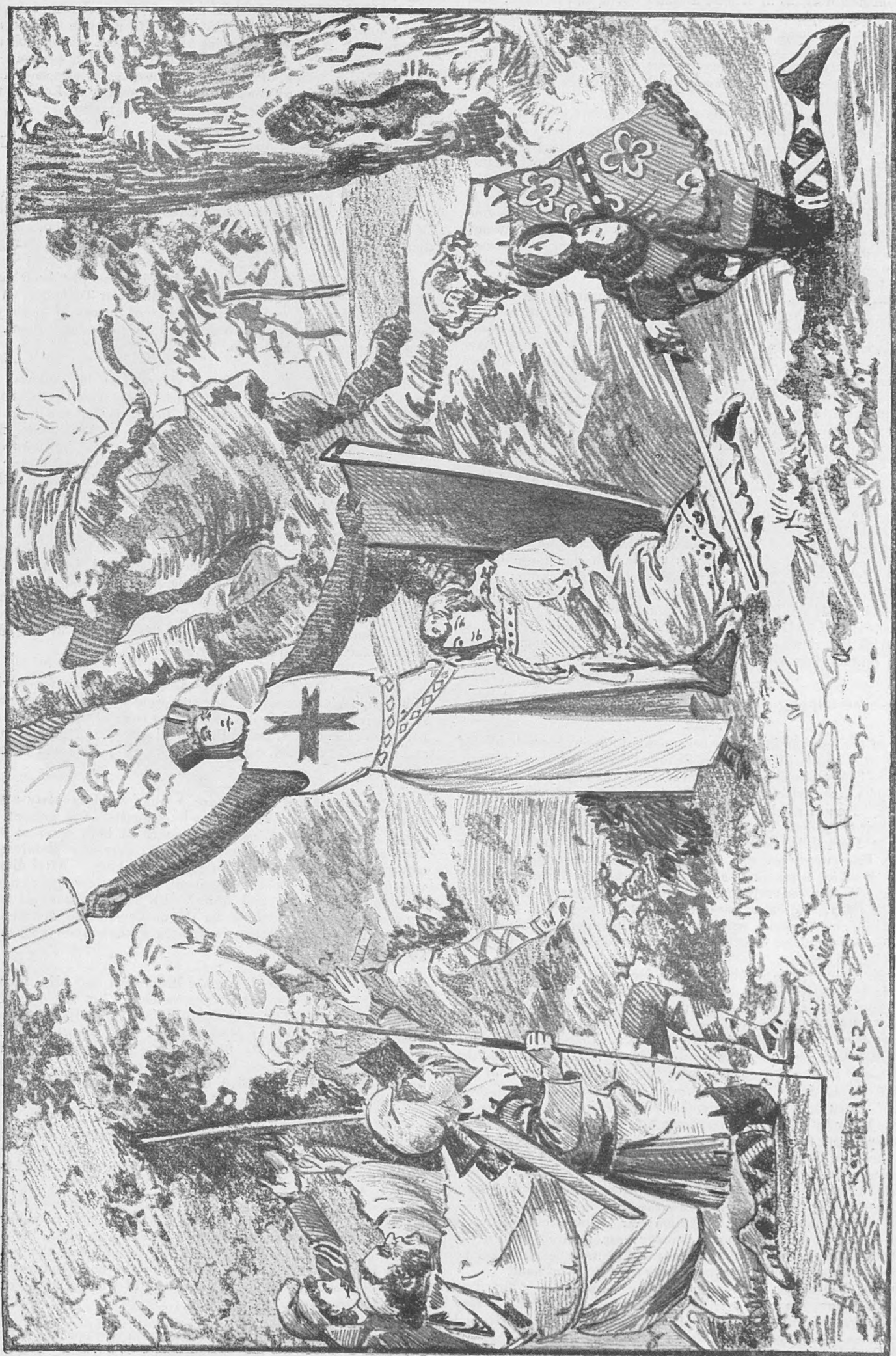
A remarkable scene occurred at the Church Congress on Thursday. A paper had been read on the progressive character of the English Reformation, and the Rev. Charles Gore, of "Lux Mundi" fame, had just risen to speak on it, when Father Ignatius, in his monkish dress, advanced to the platform, and declared in vehement tone, "I protest in the name of Jesus Christ!" Thereupon there arose a general hubbub. Some demanded that Father Ignatius should be heard, while others thought he should be ejected. Mr. Gore, however, was allowed to proceed; but Father Ignatius still essayed to address the meeting, and the tumult continued until he left the building. It appeared that he wished to protest against Mr. Gore being heard, in consequence of his "Essay on Inspiration."

The Congress ended curiously enough with an attack on Zola. It occurred when Mr. Welldon, the Head Master of Harrow, began to express on behalf of the Church the sense of deep indebtedness it felt for the high tone characterising the best English newspapers; but he regretted that the Press had extended a welcome to M. Zola, "that distinguished but infamous writer." Sir H. G. Reid, the first President of the Institute of Journalists, said that Zola had been welcomed as a journalist, not as a novelist, whereupon the Bishop of Worcester expressed his regret at this line of distinction.

St. Sepulchre's, the cemetery in which Professor Jowett's remains are laid to rest, is in what is locally known as Jericho, the least interesting part of Oxford. Its very ordinary iron gateway, with small houses and shops on each side, is unpicturesque to a degree, but inside, on a sunny October afternoon, it is not without a certain beauty. Its ugly surroundings were forgotten at the funeral on Thursday, as the Bishop of London, reading the opening sentences of the concluding portion of the Burial Service, lead the procession to the grave. The prayers were read by Archdeacon Palmer, and in a clear and audible voice the Bishop gave the Benediction. Then, with a farewell glance at the plain oak coffin, with its simple plate recording the name and offices and the dates of the birth and death of the Master, the crowd of mourners slowly dispersed.

King's Cross is becoming rather notorious, for within the past few weeks a second "lovers' tragedy," as the evening paper reporters say, has occurred in the neighbourhood. Both of them had some points in common. In both cases the young woman's name was Daisy, both were returning from a music-hall, and both were shot in a square. Fortunately, Daisy Edwards was not killed, although her assailant, the man with whom she had been living, succumbed to his self-inflicted injuries.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Every Evening at 8.15, MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY in THE FORESTERS, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Miss ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN. (Positively for a limited number of performances only.) Doors open 7.40. Last Matinée, Saturday next, Oct. 14, at 2 o'clock. SATURDAY NEXT, Oct. 14 (and for a few evenings), THE LAST WORD. In preparation for early production a new farcical comedy by F. C. Burnand, entitled THE ORIENT EXPRESS. Box office daily, 9 to 5. Seats at Libraries.



SCENE FROM "THE FORESTERS," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

"THE FORESTERS."

Succès d'estime, succès de décor, succès de musique, succès d'acteurs, but not *succès de drame*—that is what one must say of "The Foresters," and some people have said harder things than that. In truth, the temptation is to speak of the work as if it were a comic opera, and to make, with justice, the usual complaint about the weakness of the book, adding to it the remark that the music is very pretty so far as it goes, but there is not half enough of it. Yet, the subject is a capital one for a comic opera, as Planché thought when, many years ago, he adapted for the stage Peacock's "Maid Marian," a work which is in every respect more successful than Lord Tennyson's.

It is not often that the prophets are so painfully true as in their predictions about this drama. Everyone said that the lyrics would be delightful, that the blank verse would be of excellent workmanship, and contain some beautiful passages, that the play would be undramatic, lifeless, and that the part would fail to give solidity and breadth to the bold archer and merry maid. Everyone was right. The play seemed to stand still most of the time, while episodes intended to be humorous occurred, and it simply came to an end at the same time as the patience of the audience. Lord Tennyson's idea of stage humour was always crude, but it reached depths in the woodland work that it only sounded before.

However, many people were pleased. The music of Sir Arthur Sullivan was graceful, pretty—warmer epithets truth forbids me to use—and Miss Catherine Lewis sang her share of it cleverly. The fairy scene, which really is quite irrelevant, showed that Mr. Daly's stage-manager can hold his own against his rival at Drury Lane, though it did not reach the beauty of the fairy scenes in Mr. Benson's Globe production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The scenery was charming, and Mr. Ryan has painted one of the most delightful forest scenes that I can remember, while Mr. Hann was almost as successful with his work.

Miss Ada Rehan took an encore—a thing that some of us can never forgive. There is no doubt about it; there was applause after the fairies' song, they repeated it, and she got up and uttered her lines a second time. From this you can see she did not take the work seriously. Had the part been really well written, we might have had the joy of a second Rosalind; as it was, Miss Rehan charmed us—as herself, not as the character she represented—whenever she was on the stage, and she looked glorious, and was lavish with the music of her incomparable voice. Mr. Bouchier played excellently as Robin Hood, Mr. Herbert Gresham was very pleasing as Little John, and the Kate of Miss Catherine Lewis, though tainted with farce, was a very clever performance. The rest were various degrees of naught, as a person with lax views about language might say, and some of the fourteenth century folk talked American!

"THE TWO JOHNNIES."

Every one of the ugly sex knows, or is supposed to know, Sterne's idea of illustrating the course of "Tristram Shandy" by means of a diagram, and all of us before crossing the Channel look at the chart of barometric pressure and wonder what it signifies, and explain its meaning to our women folk. Now, I think some such system might be applied to plays to show their progress. In case of Mr. Fred Horner's adaptation of "Durand et Durand" I should represent the line as steadily rising during the first twenty minutes, till it reaches a rather high level of merriment, at which it remains "set fair" till a half of the second act is over, though it dips seriously during a rather ingenious scene between Maggs, the barrister, and Stella, because her part was ill-played. Suddenly it falls down to the minimum point at which a play is tolerable, and to the end fluctuates at about that point, sometimes dropping much lower, yet just rising up again.

After all, it rarely happens that the line does not sooner or later show that terrible declination, or even an abrupt descent—the later the ultimate point of climax the more successful the play. In "Pink Dominoes," *chef d'œuvre* of its school, there was no fall save that of the curtain. The subject of "The Two Johnnies" presents a most difficult task to the scientific play-constructor, who wishes to postpone as far as possible the *facilis decensus*. When we see Mr. John Maggs, grocer, owner of the Sardine Palace, and know that his doting wife and worshipping father-in-law believe that he is John Maggs, the celebrated barrister—really his cousin—we know by instinct or experience how the troubles will rise.

It is easy to get the grocer into terrible difficulties in his efforts to maintain the deception; nor is it hard to cause the barrister to be taken for the grocer, and by the *quid pro quo* to mix up all his family affairs and inflict infinite annoyance on him. The philosophical playgoer, however, sits grimly wondering how long the ball can be kept rolling by legitimate means, how long the confusion can be plausibly continued while the difficulties are piled on one another; for, naturally, when the dramatist has reached the top of trouble the fall must come, unless he achieve the almost impossible, and remain "set fair" for an hour.

The artful constructor makes the line rise slowly; in "The Two Johnnies" the law has not been observed, and so the last act is very weak. However, there are some laughable moments in the play, and a few ingenious incidents and smart lines. The public laughed heartily enough, and many seemed well contented with the entertainment. There is nothing remarkable in the acting, the best of which was the heavy low comedy of Mr. Lionel Rignold and a neat piece of work by Mr. Percy Marshall.

E. F.-S.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

M. Zola professes to be much gratified with his reception in London. He says that he is the more pleased, knowing that his works are not regarded with much favour by the English, but that, no doubt, they were told "A writer, famous throughout the world, is coming to visit you. He must be well received by you. He works hard, is an honest man, who leads a respectable life; his wife is quite correct, and he is a gentleman." Nothing like having a good opinion of one's self nowadays, and proclaiming it. M. Zola said he had received a pressing invitation to visit Berlin, which, of course, he refused. He also said he had been assured that people welcomed him more heartily to London than they did the Emperor William.

When asked about the attitude of the English towards France, he said, "We French are very unjust in attributing feelings of animosity against France to the English. My impression is that the English—I speak of the people, and not the politicians—if they believe themselves to be the first nation in the world, rank us immediately after themselves. Of the two nations, I think that England has more liking for France than France has for England." This is how it strikes a stranger.

An interesting discovery to archæologists has just been made on the estate of M. Ancely, St. Michel du Touche, near Toulouse. A labourer, while ploughing, turned up a number of pieces of pottery of most beautiful design and of great value, and several bronze ornaments, amber beads, earrings, and bracelets.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has returned to her beloved Paris, and everybody is delighted at her return. She wouldn't be Sarah if she didn't bring some animal or other in her train, but this time, happily, it is no wild beast or reptile she has taken to her bosom, figuratively speaking, with the exception of three small pumas, but ten monkeys and an aviary of nearly three hundred different birds. Madame Bernhardt has taken possession of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and M. Jules Lemaitre's play, "Le Roi," is being rehearsed there daily.

A formerly noted *demi-mondaine*—of the first days of the Empire, that is—died last week in a garret in the Rue des Martyrs in an almost starving condition. After the funeral bonds to the amount of £30,000 were found hidden under the bed, and on the walls were several old pictures of the greatest value, one of which is stated to be "The Three Graces," by Raphael. Some very distant relatives profit by this unlooked-for find, and, naturally, they are overjoyed, being in circumstances of extreme poverty.

It seems that the Carmelites are very hard up for novices, while other popular convents are turning would-be nuns away daily. The reason given is that it is one of the first rules of the Carmelites that the hair is to be cut short, and, although all question of giving up the pomps and vanities is decided, daughters of Eve will not consent to this question of scissors.

In Brittany, near St. Nazaire, a huge wedding party assembled, at which no less than fifteen hundred guests were present to dinner. There were a hundred and fifty persons of both sexes to wait, and as everybody, friends and servants alike, wore the picturesque Breton costume, the effect was most pretty and striking. After dinner a dance was organised on the grass, and all the country dances gone through with much precision and order, with copious draughts of cider or *vin ordinaire* between whiles for the maidens, while the men partook of stronger liquor, the Bretons, compared to the rest of Frenchmen, being great drinkers.

The marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood and Miss Flora Davis, of New York, is fixed to take place on Oct. 17, at the American Church of the Holy Trinity. The bridesmaids will be Lady Hermione and Lady Victoria Blackwood and Miss Kip and Miss Cameron, of New York. The best man will be Mr. Black. After the ceremony a reception will be held by Lady Dufferin at the British Embassy. The presents are something very exceptional, I hear, and the trousseau quite magnificent and worthy of a daughter of Wall Street.

At the Comédie Française, the other evening, a huge basket of enormous grapes was received from a resident of Pézenas as a present. Needless to say, the gift was received with much satisfaction.

Madame Judic is singing at the Eldorado. She was recalled no less than twenty-four times the first night, and all Paris assembled to do her honour. She sings as clearly and flute-like as ever, her diction and phrase being still wonderful, in spite of being before the public now for nearly thirty years. She has not lost any of her good looks, seemingly, but is more than inclined to that enemy of women, and French ones in particular, *embonpoint*.

All the winter places of amusement are now opened. At the Nouveau Cirque, a new nautical pantomime, called "Le Yacht," is a great success. The Cirque d'Hiver is crowded nightly on account of Jumper Darby, and the Pôle Nord promises to be more popular than ever, if possible, this season.

NIMOSA.



Sarah and her pets



Villebois

a Brittany Wedding





SMALL TALK.

Although the weather has been cold and stormy on Deeside, the Queen has made several excursions during the past week, including visits to the chalet in Glen Gelder and to the Glassalt Shiel, on the shore of Loch Muick. On another occasion the Queen drove through Braemar to the Linn of Corriemulzie, and stayed for some time at the cataract, which just now is a grand sight, as the river is in flood. The date of the departure of the Court from Scotland is not yet definitely settled, but, unless the weather improves, the Queen will return to Windsor Castle at an earlier date than was at first anticipated. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe leaves Balmoral next week, when she will have finished her third and last "wait" for the year. The Duchess then goes to Broxmouth Park, her place in Haddingtonshire, and will not have another "wait" until the end of January, when the Queen will be at Osborne.

The Queen has for the past twelve months almost entirely given up attending public worship at the parish kirk on Sunday, and Divine service is now held in the private chapel at Balmoral, commonly called the "Worship Room." The private chapel is plainly but tastefully appointed, the walls being panelled with Scotch fir from the royal forests, and the windows filled with some very fine stained glass.

No date has yet been fixed for the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Sandringham, but the Princess is not expected there until quite the end of October. The Duke of Cambridge, who has been staying at Newmarket for the Cesarewitch week, occupied rooms at the Jockey Club. The Duke is to shoot at Six-Mile Bottom at the end of the month, and will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales. Six-Mile Bottom is considered to afford the finest partridge shooting in England. Sir Francis and Lady Knollys have returned to their apartments in St. James's Palace from paying a round of visits. Sir Francis resumed his duties as private secretary to the Prince of Wales when his Royal Highness returned from Scotland.

The Marquis and Marquise d'Hautpoul have been staying at Marlodge on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. They are to be among the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during November. The Marquise d'Hautpoul is a special favourite of the Princess of Wales; she is the only daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Francis Stonor, who was, with the exception, perhaps, of the late Colonel Oliver Montagu, the most trusted friend and confidant of the Princess.

M. Zola has returned home, to tell a host of interviewers the same eulogistic story of his visit to this country. Is it his reception at the Authors' Club that has inspired him with the desire to write a novel

of England famous in the iron history of the world, and are still upholding its glorious traditions as the pioneer of steel invention of the century. There was no Piccadilly or Bond Street picture-show crowd, with its admixture of dreamy and dilettanti artists and poets, smug barristers, affected actors, or bland doctors, but men of action and resource, capable of carrying out vast schemes and enterprises, which will make the Victorian era famous in the history of the world.

The Londoner has no conception of the vast industries of the north of England, where the bone and sinew of the country assuredly is to be found, and a visit to one of the steel works alone would give him food for reflection for many a day. At night the scene is truly impressive. Outside the works the white, lurid flames from the huge Bessemer converters illuminate the sky for miles round, causing trees and houses to assume a weird effect against the brilliantly lit horizon. Inside the works the scene is still more impressive. When mankind in general is asleep, all is life and bustle in a steel works. Men stand on a raised platform, resembling a signal-box, controlling the levers of the converters, which are suspended in mid-air, and which belch out white flame into the midnight sky, like some mythical dragon. A signal is given, the man in the box pulls the lever, and the great monster slowly heels over and vomits out a great stream of white, hot metal into a huge suspended cauldron. Another lever is pulled, and the cauldron is swung on to the casting pit, and there run into ingots. The latter are then withdrawn from the moulds and run on trolleys to the rolling-machine, and here is the greatest centre of interest to the spectator. The ingots—long cubes of cast steel—weighing several tons, still red-hot, and giving off a scorching heat eight feet off—are tipped on to the revolving or "live rollers," and guided by men with huge tongs to the grooved rolls driven by enormous engines. The ingot emerging from the first set of rolls is elongated by several feet, and as it passes to and fro between the rolls it gradually gets thinner and thinner and longer and longer, until it reaches the enormous length of 200 ft. At its last stage it resembles a great red snake as it rushes up the iron guideway to be cut into regulation lengths, either as angles or rails, as the case may be.

One of the most interesting visits paid by the members of the Institute during the congress was undoubtedly to the famous works at Consett, at the extreme north-west corner of Durham. As the special train sped through charming vistas of scenery in its mellow autumn tints, past old churches basking in the September sunshine, one never dreamed of being in the vicinity of vast iron and steel works and smoke clouds. Suddenly, however, the train stopped on the boundary of the works, when the transformation was complete. The Consett works are, perhaps, the finest equipped in the country, and everything is on an enormous scale. Each visitor was presented with a beautifully illustrated book describing the works, from which it appears that the company employ 6000 hands, paying £8000 a week in wages, or £416,000 a year, which fact alone will give some idea of the magnitude of the place. The company gave the members a sumptuous luncheon, and Mr. David Dale, the chairman—head of the Consett Company—gave a model speech, in which he welcomed and thanked the members for turning up in such large numbers, and paid a warm and graceful tribute to the general manager of the works, Mr. Jenkins. Altogether, the meeting in Darlington has been the most successful yet held by the Iron and Steel Institute.

The papers have been full of memoirs and recollections of the Master of Balliol, but little or nothing has been said of his parentage or his early days. The Jowett family are among my very earliest recollections, for the future Professor's parents were intimate friends of my grandfather. The biographies confine their information concerning Dr. Jowett's father to the fact that he was the author of a metrical version of the Psalms. Jowett *père* was, I believe, a fairly prosperous London bookseller, and married a charming wife, who presented him with a son and daughter. Differences, unfortunately, arose between the psalm-writing bookseller and his spouse, which ended in their separation—a separation that was a source of great grief to young Jowett, then fast making a name at Oxford. Mrs. Jowett and her daughter went to live at Teignmouth, in South Devon, where they resided in a pretty little house, whose garden overlooked the quaint old harbour and the lovely estuary of the Teign.

It was here that the brilliant young tutor came to spend his vacations, and many were the discussions on theology which he had with my father—a much older man than Jowett—whose opinions were much broader than his own. At that time the future Master of Balliol was about eight-and-twenty or thirty, and his views on Church matters were decidedly High, as were those of his mother and sister, who were regarded by the Evangelicals as somewhat dangerous persons and followers of Dr. Pusey. It was probably in those days that Benjamin Jowett had that leaning towards Roman Catholicism which has been mentioned in more than one of his recent memoirs. The great translator of the immortal Plato changed his views, and became a light of the Broad Church party; but Mrs. Jowett and her daughter, on leaving Teignmouth, went to Paris to live, and eventually went over to the Church of Rome. Both of them are, I believe, long since dead, and the late Professor, of whom, after the departure of his mother from England, we saw but little, was, I am inclined to believe, the last surviving member of his family.



M. ZOLA AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

about London, for which purpose he would make a second and quieter tour of inspection in the Metropolis? It is said he would make the Thames the pivot of the book, but the chief characters will be French.

The recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Darlington was a most interesting event, especially as it was held in the very heart of the iron and coal regions of the north. At the brilliant opening reception given by Mr. David Dale, the president of the reception committee, and his charming wife, at the Central Hall, I was greatly struck (says a correspondent) with the wonderful resemblance of the men—drawn from all parts of the country and abroad—to the industries which they represented. Even under the levelling and hideous garb of the black, claw-hammer coat, with aggressive shirt front, it could be seen that the guests were men of iron and steel, men who have helped to make the name



THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT.

FROM THE PICTURE PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W., AND OXFORD.

By the death of Captain Gammell at Bath, on Sept. 23, one of the last links with the period of our great struggle with Napoleon has been broken, for there is every reason to believe that he was the last British survivor of the Peninsular campaign. James Gammell, of Ardifferry, Aberdeenshire, was the second son of General Andrew Gammell, and was born on Jan. 3, 1797. At the age of sixteen he received a commission in the 59th Regiment from the Duke of York, to whom his father had acted as aide-de-camp in the campaign of 1799. He proceeded at once to the Peninsula, and was present at the memorable sortie of the French



Photo by Friese Greene, Bath.

THE LATE CAPTAIN GAMMELL.

from Bayonne in 1814. He subsequently joined the Gordon Highlanders, and, after some years of service in the West Indies, retired in 1825 with the rank of captain. The deceased officer married, in 1825, Sydney, daughter of Mr. Frederick Holmes, by whom he had a numerous family, of whom four sons survive him. It was not until 1887 that Captain Gammell obtained the medal which he had earned seventy-five years previously. In that year, after some delay on the part of the War Office, Captain Gammell obtained the medal for the Peninsular campaign, and her Majesty the Queen at the same time sent her Jubilee medal to the veteran, with a letter expressing her hope that he might long be spared to enjoy his double honours. The remains of the deceased officer were interred at Bath, the coffin being covered by the Union Jack, and among the floral tributes were two wreaths from the regiments in whose ranks he had served just eighty years previously.

Not only as a capable Secretary to the Post Office, but as an evangelist and a staunch champion of the temperance party, the late Sir Arthur Blackwood is likely to live in the memory of his countrymen. Indeed, Sir Arthur was no mean expounder of the "word in season," and never neglected an opportunity of improving the occasion when the chance served. I have been told that he was one of those who think it well to have Bible texts much in evidence about them even in official life, but he never "canted," and never unduly pressed his views on persons who thought differently on religious subjects. As a very capable and just head and as a courteous gentleman he was equally esteemed at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Sir Arthur's social success was, doubtless, to some extent, due to his aristocratic connections—he was a cadet of the Dufferin family—to his handsome face and figure, and to his marriage with the widow of the sixth Duke of Manchester, a very charming woman. Sir Arthur was a grandson of that distinguished officer, Admiral Sir Henry Blackwood, who had the honour of bringing home the despatches that announced the glorious victory of Trafalgar and the irreparable loss of Nelson in 1805.

If you were bitten by a snake—not that the contingency is likely in this country, at least—what would you do? Miss Hopley told one of *The Sketch* interviewers that "permanganate of potash, the active principle of Cond's Fluid," is the best remedy. Well, Messrs. Cond and Mitchell, Limited, have written me about this statement. "For the

past thirty years," they say, "we have recommended the application of Cond's Fluid to snake bites in our book of directions. From the statement as printed it is scarcely to be gathered that Cond's Fluid would answer the purpose, and it does seem a little hard that our efforts, which cannot but have been of service, should be passed over. As a matter of accuracy, we may state that the permanganate which forms the basis of Cond's Fluid is not permanganate of potash, and that our preparation contains other antiseptic salts."

I must heartily congratulate the *Times* on an innovation, often recommended, and at last adopted. Alterations in the "Thunderer" are so rare that they deserve notice—"Tempora mutantur," &c. This change is one of great utility; it is the alphabeticising of the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," which formerly were arranged in their order of receipt. It is a great comfort, while you are lazily scanning the *Times* at breakfast, to be able in a few moments to see any items of personal interest to yourself, without labouring through a column and a half of closely printed matter. Mr. Labouchere has already calculated the vast saving of time which has been achieved on behalf of the readers of the *Times*, and which he figures out into centuries. What with the summary of news, the improvement in the Ecclesiastical Intelligence, the "timing" of the House of Commons debates, the introduction of Political Notes, and now this later development, the management of the *Times* is getting quite giddily up to date.

It seems the fashion nowadays to alter the spelling of one's name or title. Mr. Smith reverts now and again to the more ancient form used by some of his numerous clan, and becomes Mr. Smyth or Mr. Smythe, while Mr. Brown adds a final "e" to his name, which renders it in his eyes more aristocratic. Some years ago the family of the Duke of Somerset, who when I was a boy spelt their name Seymour, reverted to the more ancient St. Maur, and now the Scotch Duke who has been known to this generation as of Athole has decided that the earlier spelling of the title is a preferable one, and in future will be known as the Duke of Atholl. His Grace has no necessity to turn over many pages of history to find an authority for the change, for, although Burke spells the title with the final "e" in 1861, Debrett of 1834 gives the head of the ancient and powerful family of Murray as Duke of Atholl. I am unable to discover at what date the former change took place, or the authority on which it was made. Perhaps some of my Scotch readers can inform me.

"Why does a good sketch please us more than a good picture? It is because there is in it more life and less defined forms. As forms become more accurately defined, life departs. In dead animals, dreadful objects to our sight, the forms are there, but life is gone. In young animals, especially in kittens, the outlines are not strongly marked, yet they are full of life. Why is it that a pupil who is quite incapable of painting a tolerable picture can yet make a striking sketch? It is because a sketch is the work of enthusiasm and genius, and the picture is the result of industry and patience, and long studies, and a ripe experience of art. Who has found the secret, which Nature herself does not possess, of keeping the life of youth in the forms of advanced age? Perhaps one reason why we are strongly attracted by a sketch is that, being undefined, it leaves our imagination free to see what we like in it, just as children see shapes in the clouds; and we are all more or less children. It is the same difference as that between vocal and instrumental music. In the former we listen to what it says: in the latter we make it say what we choose."—DIDEROT.

American writers located in "Yewrope" make an excellent time of it. Now, take William Nye, Esq.—I mean Mr. Bill Nye, or Bill, the most bald-headed man in the States—why, he has just got £200 per week from an American syndicate; oddly enough, I believe about the same earnings as those of Mr. Albert Chevalier. American syndicators, though, are rather troublesome people to work for. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred an English correspondent has to support Home Rule, whether he likes it or not. The writer of this once lost an excellent American billet simply because he would not represent Sir Redvers Buller as a cold-blooded murderer. Apropos of Bill Nye and his friends, Luke Sharp (Mr. Robert Barr) is now in Switzerland, and is likely to winter there. Cold or not cold, it always agrees with him better than being in England. The popular humourist has certainly not looked over well of late. Alack! the grey hairs are beginning to show. Despite, though, a sprinkling of the hoar-frost of time, he is as good-looking as ever.

Time was when the white man used to evangelise the nigger. The tables have turned, for the nigger has come to convert the white man—or, at least, one of them has done so in the person of Charles Higgins. Charles has been holding forth in Hyde Park for some time, but his ministrations have scarcely been appreciated by his audiences. The climax was reached on the closing day of last month, when the crowd began to sing the ditty which details the pathetic history of "Daisy Bell" and her adventures on a bicycle—a "by-eee-keel," with the accent on the *kel*, as Mr. Charles Bignell emphatically sings in his funny parody of the song. The melody must be undeniably aggravating to a missionary of the fervour of Charles Higgins, who, in desperation, declared that if it did not stop somebody would get "the answer true." The gentleman who received the answer was an analyst's assistant, and Mr. Higgins was asked by the magistrate at Marlborough Police Court to pay £3 or go to prison for a month.



MUSCULAR

CHRISTIANITY

COLOURED



(1) "Yas'erday, bred'ren, one of those unemplid would sing 'Daisy' for to int'rupt my meeting. Says I, 'Gen'lemen, zis is ze Gosple,
(2) "'And zis is "Daisy.""

(3) "'E would not 'ave ze Gosple,
(4) "So I gave 'im 'Daisy.'"

"DAISY" IN HYDE PARK.

If perseverance, as, indeed, hath been written in countless copy-books, deserves success, then our newest actress-manageress, Miss Janette Steer, undoubtedly deserves to succeed. It was more than seven years ago—in May 1886, in fact—that I made my first acquaintance with this young lady “on any stage.” By-the-way, it was hardly a stage, for it was in the ring at Hengler’s Cirque in Argyll Street, and the occasion was a rehearsal of Dr. Todhunter’s classical play, “*Helena in Troas*,” in which the principal parts were sustained by Miss Alma Murray, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Miss Janette Steer, if my memory serves me aright, looked “divinely tall and most divinely fair” as a Greek girl in the chorus, and on the occasion I have mentioned was practising certain graceful gyrations beneath the paste-board walls of Troy before the serious business of rehearsal began. Since then I have watched with interest this young lady’s dramatic career. Miss Steer has worked hard in the provinces, and has played the lead in such plays as “*The Lady of Lyons*,” “*Marie Stuart*,” and “*Lady Clare*.” She has also given matinées in the Metropolis, and some years ago essayed to take the town by storm at the Opéra Comique with “*The Fool’s Revenge*,” an adaptation of Hugo’s play, “*Le Roi s’Amuse*,” which requires an artiste of great power and distinction to make it a success, and it was certainly no success on this occasion. Miss Steer is the daughter of an English officer who served in India, and, indeed, the lady herself is, I believe, in receipt of a modest pension from the Government.

The phenomenal success of “*Our Boys*” and the career of Mr. David Belasco, professionally known as David James, must for ever remain linked together in the annals of the English stage. When, in 1868,



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

MR. DAVID JAMES AS THE BUTTERMAN IN “OUR BOYS.”

David James quitted the regions of burlesque for the realms of comedy, I and many a better judge thought that great things dramatic were in store for the clever young actor. Then in a year or two came the extraordinary run of Byron’s play, and from that time David James and Perkin Middlewick were inseparables. There can be little doubt that “*inferior Dosset*” made James’s fortune, but marred his fame.

Even with newcomers the stage shows signs of running into the hands of a few families. Note the débutantes at the Promenades. Miss Gertrude Aylward, for instance, who made such a hit with “*Carita*,” is the sister of Miss Netta Aylward, understudy to Miss Julia Neilson in “*The Dancing Girl*.” The pleasant soprano was Mr. William Shakespeare’s most favourite pupil, and her success was long ago predicted by Madame Sainton-Dolby. One of the Dolbys was architectural painter, another was agent to Dickens, and the wife

of one was the famous Mrs. Anastasia Dolby, to whom was mainly owing the revival of art needlework, though the talented gentlewoman was certainly backed up by the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Gage.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the inventor of *Answers* and I don’t know what else, is ill at home at Elmwood, Broadstairs. What an energetic being he is! I hear, too, that he is most likely to pay America a visit this winter. Very advanced—rather so—why, when at home he dictates to an Edison-Bell phonograph. Mr. Harmsworth has features of a curiously classic cut—somehow or other, he bears an odd kind of resemblance to Edison. He first began to be known as a smart writer when attached to the *Lady’s Pictorial*, when he was quite a boy, about eleven years or so ago.

The little telegraph office at Kissingen has been in a state of flutter and activity quite unparalleled since Prince Bismarck’s illness received the *cachet* of European sympathy given by the Kaiser’s historical-letter. That Imperial missive aroused many dormant friendships, and I am told that since its despatch, *bien entendu*, condolence, inquiry, and messages of all sorts are on the wires all day, not only from every crowned head in Europe, but their “*appanages*” as well. What memories these courtiers have, to be sure! Secrecy has been well preserved in every detail concerning the Prince, but it is known that the principal cause of alarm lay in the extreme delicacy and inflamed condition of the left lung. As far back as 1859 Prince Bismarck was laid up in Pomerania for five months with serious inflammation of the lungs, and the doctors have been trying to ward off a recurrence. The Prince suffers greatly from sciatica, and violent neuralgia in the head and face has given the Iron Chancellor some exercises of patience for the last few weeks, while, to crown all, the bite of some insect in the neck has caused a painful swelling, most trying to this much-afflicted statesman. One of Prince Bismarck’s noted objections is to be shaved by anybody else, so during his illness the old man’s beard has grown considerably, which gives him a curious appearance. The illustrious statesman’s family have implored him to submit to a ministering angel in the shape of a barber. But Bismarck is not even now a man to be talked out of a conviction, much less a whim, so the great old German’s beard flourishes exceedingly. May he live long to shave it.

One more proof of a prominent and particular fascination in lovely woman—a singularity, too, on which I have always lavished abundant admiration—reaches me from New York. To me the most charming women are the most unpractical. They begin and they leave off, but they never finish, whether it be fancy work, logic, or men; and even the last named they have enough of for someone else to practise on as a rule. But my illustration treats of a certain society organised by a dozen of dear, kind, tender-hearted ladies in the aforesaid city, called very prettily “*The Midnight Band of Mercy*,” and having for its object the chloroforming of homeless, vagabond, tile-walking cats. Funds were raised, pussy-killers officially engaged, and all went well for some weeks. But strange smells presently smote the noses of the authorities, and an inquiry was raised as to its unsavoury cause. “Of course,” said the dozen, dear, tender-hearted ladies, “we never thought about removing them afterwards, you know.” And so the authorities collected the corpses. Now, I think that an utterly lovable trait in the feminine constitution. The woman who could have considered a dead cat while it was yet alive would never be, under any circumstances, an adorable creature. Now, could she?

There is nothing so deceptive as the average duration of particular classes of lives—likewise of knives. Have you any idea how long the professional implement of the proprietor of the ham and beef, tongue, and saveloy emporium usually lasts? Not above a twelvemonth. This is owing to continuous grinding. The knife, about 20 in. long and 1½ in. wide, is first used for cutting bread; then, when blunted and ground several times, say at the end of three months, it is devoted to beef; lastly, when duly emaciated and flexible, to the succulent ham; at the end of twelve months it is a mere strip of steel. It is curious to note how a ham sandwich is almost regarded as current coin in England—not so much, though, as the sausage in Germany. Once upon a time, at a small station near Friedrichsruh, a little Prussian tendered his bronze for a railway fare. “Ten pfennig short,” said the booking clerk. The simple Pomeranian peasant had not the change about him. What was to be done? A happy thought struck him. Grasping firmly his dinner sausage in his right hand, he thrust it in the booking-clerk’s face, and called out stoutly, “There you are! Bite off ten pfennig worth.”

In the modern passion for the celebration of centenaries a difficulty may occasionally arise of an embarrassing nature where the date of the hero’s birth or death cannot be exactly identified. Such a difficulty has just presented itself in the proposed celebration at Bruges of the fourth centenary of Memling’s death. It is suggested that as many works of the painter as possible should be collected for the celebration, although a great many representative works, lying at present in public galleries, are not available for such an exhibition. The point is to know when precisely the painter paid the dues of mortality. However, as he is known to have been dead on Dec. 10, 1495, the date of his “private judgment”—as theologians might say—may be considered to be exact enough.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"WRECKAGE." BY HUBERT CRACKENTHORPE.

I suppose "Germinie Lacerteux" is an old-fashioned novel now, though it is not easy to see what the school of naturalism has gained in the thirty years since the De Goncourts wrote that book. Mr. Crackenthorpe, at all events, is not ashamed to acknowledge his debt to masters who preceded Zola, for he sets in the forefront of his audacious little tales (W. Heinemann) a passage from the preface to "Germinie Lacerteux" which declares that the religion of romance bears "*ce large et vaste nom: Humanité*." The novel of the De Goncourts is the story of a domestic servant, unattractive and commonplace, who, with all the impulses of a passionate nature, has none of the qualities which subjugate man. Her history is intensely human and intensely pitiful. Mr. Crackenthorpe handles a kindred idea with extraordinary vividness in the few pages which he calls "The Struggle for Life." A sot boozing in a low tavern with an abandoned woman; a wife begging him vainly for money to buy food for his starving children; the sordid bargain with the casual stranger, which is her sacrifice for the callousness of a brutal husband—here is a tragedy from the "nether world" which should tug at the heart-strings of humanity. That it approaches the uncertain border-line which divides art from the absolutely repulsive is true enough. Mr. Crackenthorpe shows no little judgment in keeping on the hither side of that dangerous confine, though he pursues some paths in which he cannot expect to be followed by that timid being, the "general reader." The conventions of English fiction, those prim and elderly spinsters who are so ready to draw their skirts from a contamination which is often invisible to a robustly healthy eye, would shriek at "Profiles" and "A Dead Woman." And it must be confessed that Lilly Maguire is not exactly a suitable companion for maidenly meditation. She has inherited appetites which need a discipline not to be looked for in a drunken aunt and a simple-minded lieutenant, to whom she is engaged by virtue of a whim which cannot withstand the first fierce temptation. She leaves Maurice Radford for one of those conquering sons of Belial who find women of this type "so easy." He is incensed, however, when he learns that she and Maurice were to have been married in a day or two. "His feeling was one of pure disgust—not disgust at her treachery, but disgust at the blunder he had committed—blunder ahead of which he foresaw a whole series of unpleasant complications. And in that instant he tired of her—her passion, from being a thing to be toyed with complacently, suddenly filled him with active dislike. The very searching gaze which had amused him before now seemed merely stupid. With the exasperation of a trapped animal, he realised that she was one of the clinging sort, whose dismissal was generally difficult, always disagreeable. 'Damn!' he muttered, savagely biting the end of his cigar."

The further adventures of Lilly Maguire may be surmised. They are not edifying, because lives like this never edify; they simply suggest a tormenting doubt whether our schemes of salvation are not very unworkmanlike nets, through which too many fish slip into the hopeless void. In "A Dead Woman" Mr. Crackenthorpe offers a startling commentary on the commonplace that a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. The woman is the departed wife of Richard Rushout, publican, whose mourning is deranged by the discovery that she has had a lover in the person of Jonathan Hays, farmer. Neither husband nor gallant is in the least degree prepossessing, and the extraordinary quality of the story is that it transfigures them in the glow of a great passion. In the first fury of disillusion Rushout sets no limit to his wife's unfaithfulness. "On, on, the Satanic extravagance of his imagination whirled, till at the zenith of his agony he was conscious that he loathed her virulently. This discovery made him uneasy, and by some quick, unaccountable process his mind wandered off to the advisability of giving a trial to a new blend of whisky, a prospectus of which had reached him that morning. For the moment, all else, receding into the background, was forgotten; outside this fresh trail of thought his mind was blank.

The spirit was cheaper, certainly, but that would be balanced by heavier carriage, unless, indeed, he ordered a large quantity. But he was not certain concerning the flavour. As he debated the matter with himself the idea occurred to consult Jonathan. Immediately the full strength of his pain was upon him once more, and once more the whole round of self-torturing doubt recommenced each time with a fresh crop of detail, new pretexts for suffering. That night, in his longing for forgetfulness, he went to bed drunk. And he had been sober for years." The colloquy with Hays about the settlement of this account is brief and grim. The farmer laconically admits the impeachment. "Of a sudden Rushout looked up; from around his eyes all the blood had retreated, leaving broad white rings, and making a deep-toned patch of red on either cheek. He seemed to have come to some great resolution, for the whole expression of his face was different. 'Jonathan Hays,' he said solemnly, 'there'll not be room for both of us.' The farmer did not answer, and there was nothing in his face

to reveal whether he had heard. This time the silence was longer than ever. Then Rushout continued, 'I'll be at Helton cross-roads at ten.' Jonathan slowly uncrossed his legs and walked to the door, and as he crossed the threshold he blurted out, 'Ye'll find me there!'" But on the way to keep this tryst of revenge the publican falls senseless in the snow, and when he recovers from an attack of brain fever he has nothing but kindness for his rival, and consults him about the whisky. "What's your opinion of the spirit?" asked Rushout. "It's just to my taste. Ye'll be feelin' feeble like?" "Ay, I do a bit." "It was a close touch of it ye had." "I reckon it was." "By God, it was a wild night." Richard shot an inquisitive glance, but he did not speak. And simultaneously there appeared to both of them a vision of the dead woman—to Jonathan clear cut and living, to Richard half effaced by time. And each remembered that she had belonged to the other, and at that moment they felt instinctively drawn together: each was conscious of a craving to talk about her, to hear the other mention her name." Anyone who can read this and the daring dialogue that follows and remain insensible to the insight and the power with which this strange byway of life is explored must have a limited understanding of literary art.

"A Conflict of Egoisms" belongs to a totally different field of observation. It is the tragedy of a novelist to whom work is the one absorbing passion and of a woman he marries on an impulse due to the dim notion that she is useful when his ideas have got tangled, and

can be unravelled only by a monologue to a sympathetic auditor. "The woman has had a hard and loveless life, and she clings to her strange mate with a passionate yearning which breeds madness, when his indifference changes to irritation, and he shuts himself up with his labour. This is the love-making: "'I don't see many people, but I think it would help me having you—with the work, I mean.' Would you really care to live with me?" "Yes." The word came back through her set teeth with a little, hissing sound. Her joy struggled with the disappointment she could not help feeling at the way he said it, and the struggle hurt her considerably. . . . There was a silence painful to each of them. At last, with an evident effort he broke it. 'Good night once more.' . . . 'Please,' she whispered. 'I—I don't understand.' The blood rushed to her face. 'Please,' she repeated, under her breath. He understood, and when he had kissed her he went slowly out. On the landing he stumbled heavily over the mat, for the gas on the stairs had been turned off." And the end is that she tears to fragments the work of weeks, the last effort of his disordered brain, and, leaving her on her knees, praying wildly that his love may come to her, he staggers out to drown himself in the river, and drops dead on the bridge.

There are seven stories in the volume, of which the four I have quoted are the most powerful. But all have the same admirably proportioned strength, restraint, and sombre distinction. As an example of that impersonal art, so striking in French fiction, so rare in English, Mr. Crackenthorpe's work will be gratefully remembered when cartloads from Mudie's have gone the way of all rubbish.

L. F. A.



Photo by Lassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. CRACKENTHORPE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WILL TREVENNA'S FORTUNE.

BY E. NESBIT.

"Yes, indeed, Doctor; you wouldn't think it, to see me now, with my house and my own bit of land, and my sons and daughters growing up round me like young bay-trees, that this day twelve years I hadn't a penny



"And I found myself sitting up in bed, just waked up."

in the world, or a roof that I could go to and say that it ought to shelter me. And the girl I loved (we had been sweethearts ever since she was the size of my little Loveday here), she had been forbidden to speak to me, or even to look the same side of the road where I was. Well, well, wife, I don't say that she didn't look or didn't speak, but those were her instructions. It happened like this. My second cousin, old Jan Trevenna, had taken me in and brought me up like a child of his own, and always gave me to understand that it was me who would have his money and the bit of land. Then, when he dies, lo and behold! not a word of a will to be found; and it all goes to Simon Trevenna, his first cousin. For such is the law, taking no account of what a man may be well known to have wished, if the bit of paper in which he had put down his wishes can't be got at.

"Simon Trevenna was an honest chap, though hard, and he offered me a place on the farm to break my disappointment, as he said; but I could not bear to be man where I had looked to be master, and I took a place as shepherd twenty miles from Trewint; and as to my parting with my girl, and our tears and promises and kisses on a broad moonlight night behind the big barn, what is the use of talking such nonsense as that, now that we are both middle-aged, especially as I can't keep my voice steady when I do talk of it even now?"

"Well, I went to be shepherd at Polhuen, and the first night I slept there a mighty queer thing happened. Uncle Jan—I had always called him Uncle, though only my second cousin—he seemed to come to my bedside in the night, and he says, smiling at me very kind-like, like as he did in life when he was having his bit of a joke, 'Tha rule,' he says, 'if tha didst but go to London Bridge, tha 'st hear of a fortune as good as tha 'st lost.' But when I sat up in bed to ask him questions I woke up and found I had been but dreaming. All the same, I thought of it here, and I thought of it there, as I went about my day's work; and the next night the same thing happened again. And I says to myself, 'Why do you let your mind run on fortunes and the dead, when your own hands is the only fortune you have got?' And that day I would not let myself think of it. But the third night Uncle Jan came again, and he called me more than a plain fool, and he says, 'Beg, borrow,

or steal the money; but go to London Bridge to seek your fortune, as many a better man has done afore, Will.' And with that he laughed like as if he would split his jolly old sides, and I found myself sitting up in bed, just waked up. Now, maybe, I was a fool by nature, and maybe I wasn't, but I wasn't such a fool as to think the blessed angels would bring the same dream three nights running for nothing. I borrowed ten pounds, for I was well known about these parts, and could have borrowed twenty times the money, and I told my master he must do with the other shepherd and the lad, for to London I must go that very day, and, sure enough, I went.

"London is a mighty queer place to what Trewint is. I only went that one time, and I had no stomach for more than I got of it. It's like an ant-hill when you kick it up as you walk, live creatures running here, there, and everywhere, and no one of them with a friendly word for any man. But I found a decent lodging, and I went to London Bridge, and I walked up it and I walked down it for a good working day, and nobody spoke to me or I to them. Then I went to my lodging, and cursed myself for the silly fool Uncle Jan had said I was. But the next morning, seeing I had come so far, it seemed it would be worse folly to go home as I came: so I spent that day, too, on London Bridge, and that night I spent the same as the last. The third day I felt death-sick of the whole business, but I thought as Uncle Jan came to me three nights I would wait three days for what he told me of. So I went to London Bridge, and I waited there, and by this time I felt as if everyone that passed me must know me, and was laughing in his sleeve to think of me coming all the way from Trewint only to show London folks what a born idiot was like. Nothing happened all day, but when it come to get towards dusk a large policeman come up to me, and he says—

"Look here, my man, this makes three days you have been hanging about this here bridge, and I tell you straight I don't like the looks of it. No decent body has any business as can keep him hanging about on a bridge, and I'll thank you to tell me what your business is, or



"A large policeman come up to me."

perhaps you'd prefer to come with me to the police station and explain it to the inspector?"

"He spoke as disagreeable as he knew how; but I wasn't offended, because I had been feeling all day that my way of going on must be surprising to anyone who happened to notice it."

"Lor' bless you, Sir," I said, "I'd rather tell it to you than to the inspector, for I feel as if you were an old friend already, my seeing you here these three days."

"None of your blarney," he says, but not quite so disagreeable. "What is it you are up to? Come, now."

"Then I told him straight out just what I have been telling you, and he laughed as I have never seen a policeman laugh before or since."

"Lord love your country himmence," says he. "You must be a Suffolk man. They say 'Suffolk for softies.'" I didn't see why I should tell him where I came from; so I held my tongue, and after another laugh he went on again: "If we all journeyed from Land's End to John o' Groat's every time we had a dream some of us would have enough to do. Go home, you poor himmence, and look after your own affairs,



"Under that apple-tree we found the strong box."

whatever they are. There's many men has many dreams, but sensible folk don't put any trust in such. Why, I tell you myself I dreamt three times running, only last week, that I went to a place called Trewint, in Cornwall, and found a strong box with gold and papers in it buried under a big apple-tree in the orchard."

"I thank them as be I can always keep my tongue between my teeth when need is. I thanked that policeman, and told him that he was right and I was wrong, and that he was a good fellow, and that I should always be glad to see him if ever he came my way. But he said Suffolk was a long way off, and it wasn't likely he'd be coming there. If I did stand him anything, nobody was the worse nor the wiser. Then I went home to Trewint and told the Parson, and he laughed at me, but he came with me, for all that, and we dug under that apple-tree, and you may believe me or not—being a stranger—but everyone about Trewint knows whether it's true or not—besides, here I am, in the very house. For under that apple-tree we found the strong box, and in it was the will, leaving me everything. And there was £600 besides in golden sovereigns that Simon Trevena had never had the handling of. So he went out a sorrowful man, and I came to my own again, and married my girl and got my children."

"Well, Mary, my dear, if I did give Simon the handling of the £600 to make up to him for his disappointment, that was between ourselves, and it's no part of the story of my fortune."

INDIAN DANCING WOMEN.

In Madras at this moment "the gossip tongue's astir with the nautch girl's life," and the *Indian Magazine and Review*, a very readable monthly, deals with the subject in its current issue. The nautch girl, we are led to believe from this article, is not the divine creature which Mr. George Dance—was not his name, by-the-way, very appropriate as the librettist of *Terpsichore*?—pictured at the Savoy Theatre a couple of years ago in the opera of that name. To Englishmen her performance is said to be dull, but nautch girls have been from time immemorial inseparable from native entertainments and many religious ceremonies. To realise how intimately the religious instinct of Oriental races has associated females with certain forms of worship it is necessary to revert to very early notions of ritual. The most remote mythological fables of the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Hindus, of the Greeks and the Romans have sprung from ideas of the male and female principles being combined in the production of the evident phenomena of nature. The great principle of fecundity was deified among these nations as the supreme God, the principle by which all things capable of being are produced, and the earth, rendered pregnant by the flood of some mighty river, or the falling of seasonable rains, was worshipped as His consort.

It is easy to comprehend that in the worship of these principles in concrete form, such as the vulgar and unimaginative could appreciate, the temples should require the service of both sexes, and that the myths invented by poets and priests should abound in illustrations of the potency of both the male and the female principle. Dancing before the gods, as a manifestation of rejoicing through faith, was considered meritorious by the Hindus, as also by the Greeks and the Romans. The ample earnings obtained by the dancing girl, and the comparative luxury in which she lives, unfortunately render the profession an attractive one. It is said, in reference to this class at Lucknow, that a first-class nautch woman may have jewels and lace of value from 1000 to 10,000 rupees, that her fee for singing is 15 rupees the evening, and that on the occasion of a birth or a marriage it may be as much as 200 rupees. At most evening parties among well-to-do natives there is a musical entertainment, vocal or instrumental, and sometimes a nautch, and for visitors to the larger temples, who are willing to pay for it, such a performance is arranged. Native females of respectability do not always relish nautch parties.

A very large number of different classes of singers and dancers exist at the present time throughout India. The numbers of the last census will have their significance. Actors, singers, and dancers are returned at 270,956, about half being female, and "disreputable" persons 167,633, of which two-thirds are probably women, reckoning upon the proportions shown in some of the provincial returns. Then a large number, no doubt, are unspecified. The large cities are responsible for most of the above.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES' GRAVE.

In ever loving Memory of John Richard Jefferies,
Who died at Goring, Aug. 14, 1887.
Aged 38 years.

An appropriate inscription this to con as you sit on a grassy mound below the plain, slender, white cross, and the air is filled with the scent of late-flowering roses and the pungent odours of the pine, and looking north across the village green one sees the downs, their extremest height crowned with a clump of dark trees, and the autumn wind sweeps lightly down and across the marshy land, where herds of cattle are contentedly feeding, that lies between the cemetery and the sea. Of what English writer could one think more lovingly than of him who sleeps beneath this slender cross, while gazing one's fill on such a scene, and what would one not give for his magic pen to describe it? It is a scene that he often must have looked upon—this peaceful cemetery of Broadwater—the little village, with its fine, old church that nestles below the slope of the breezy Sussex downs. In lane and meadow, in the glades and coverts of Goring Woods, and on that spur of the high down that hangs above there to the west, where more than a century ago the miller who loved his native downs so well elected to be buried (having, indeed, as his tombstone tells us, purchased the plot of ground where he lived some thirty years before he required to use it), this true lover of English scenery must have often wandered while living at Goring, a rustic hamlet but a mile or two from the spot where now he rests. How amidst the placid beauty of the English landscape which this great word-painter loved, and would so well have pictured, one feels a fresh regret for the thread of a life snapped so untimely!

INTERVIEW WITH MADAME BASHKIRTSEFF.

During a recent visit to Paris (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) I had the pleasure of meeting the mother of Marie Bashkirtseff, and took advantage of the occasion to make some inquiries as to the famous journal.



MADAME BASHKIRTSEFF.

"Have you seen my daughter's grave yet?" were almost the first words that Madame Bashkirtseff addressed to me.

"No, Madame."

"I am going there now. It is always my earliest thought when I come to Paris, and if you like to drive down with me to Passy we can talk on the way. Do you mind waiting a few minutes?"

"Oh, thank you! I could ask nothing better, and I don't in the least mind waiting."

We were sitting in Marie Bashkirtseff's studio at 63, Rue de Prony, the studio fitted up for her immediately before her death, and maintained until now in the same condition as when last she saw it. Facing me was Madame Bashkirtseff, somewhat weary and travel-stained, for she had been journeying all night, having but just arrived at Paris from Nice to make preparations for removing the belongings of her beloved child, as the little hôtel has recently been let to Madame Richard, of the Grand Opéra. Madame Bashkirtseff is about the middle height, and her figure has lost the slim lines of youth. Her grey hair is smoothly banded on her brow, and gathered into a small knot behind, her skin slightly reddened by much weeping; her eyes are an indefinite hazel. She still wears the deepest mourning, and gives one the impression of being a kindly, motherly soul, simple in her ways, active, impulsive, and energetic, but with none of the mental restlessness that distinguished her artist daughter.

While waiting till she was ready to start, I surveyed the room that has for the past eight years been a place of pilgrimage for English and American visitors—Russians but rarely paying homage at the shrine of their young countrywoman. With its soft Oriental divans, its carpets and wall-coverings alike of deep crimson plush, its little staircase leading to a gallery, a skeleton wrapped in an old studio blouse grimly guarding the ascent, its famous "Harlequin," by E. Marceau, in bronze, and the multitudinous works that testify to the feverish industry of Mdle. Bashkirtseff, sketches, studies, oil paintings, finished and unfinished, wild carnival scenes, statuettes here, there, and everywhere, I had no lack of interest and occupation. Her portrait, by herself, hung near the little altar, whereon, according to Russian custom, the holy pictures were placed, saints and Madonnas, the faces only painted, the robes and aureoles wrought in gold and silver, still standing, somewhat blackened by time, behind the swinging lamp last lighted in their honour by her hand. The unfinished picture, "Dans la Rue," that was to have crowned her work, her portrait of her handsome brother, Paul, and his pretty wife, of Mdle. de Canrobert, friend and fellow-student in Julien's atelier, "The Three Laughs," "The Umbrella," and others more or less familiar were to be seen, but many have been sent to Chicago for exhibition, and the famous "Pommier" was purchased not long since by the Grand Duke Constantine. Some weird caricatures were attractive. One represented Marie and her pretty cousin, the Dina of her Diary, now Comtesse de Toulouse, serenading the Devil with harp and mandoline. His Satanic Majesty, well pleased, is looking out of a small window, black against a lurid background, and

bears a distinct resemblance to M. Julien. A pale, frightened moon views the scene with horror. Another, a study of the nude, showed a girl hobnobbing with Death, she smoking a cigarette, he a pipe, but this was too suggestive to be mirthful.

Soon Madame Bashkirtseff rejoined me, and as we sped towards the cemetery I asked—

"Was it from your side of the house or from her father's that Mdle. Bashkirtseff inherited her talent?"

"Oh, it was peculiar to herself; she was like neither of us. There were so many things she did well, though her taste for writing may have come from her father—he was a very intellectual man—and her passion for music from my grandfather, Alexander Cornélius, who was a wonderful musician, and studied at Kharkoff. Her love of work might, perhaps, be traced to her father's father, a general in the Russian Army, and a remarkable man, of great energy, with a singular talent for languages."

"It has been said in England that changes were made in the Diary of Mademoiselle Marie with a view to heightening the effect. Is that true?"

"Changes? No; there were none made. Omissions? Yes. M. André Theuriet, the editor, thought well to suppress certain portions, and even with that much has crept in that might have been better left out."

"But a statement was made that some three or four years were struck off her age, so that ideas and achievements which were not remarkable in a girl of sixteen were marvellous when ascribed to a child of twelve."

"C'est une mensonge!" cried Madame Bashkirtseff, with energy. "*Elle est bien venue au monde en 1860. Si même c'était comme ça, est-ce que ça ôte quelque chose?* No; there is no truth in it. Certainly, we speak of her being twenty-three when she was on the eve of being twenty-four; but, after all, one is twenty-three until one is twenty-four, is it not so?"

I agreed, adding that if this were not admitted women would have a genuine grievance.

"Ah! I know from whom that statement comes. It was made in an article in *Black and White*. They wrote me several letters, asking me to reply, but I would not. What does it matter to me what they say? *Je suis morte!* My life is over! It is only through my child that they can prick me, but her fame will grow as the years go on. Your Monsieur Gladstone, who came to see me at Nice in 1892, said that, great as was the sensation (*bruit*) about Marie, she was not yet understood. If it was lies we printed in her Diary, *ça n'aurait pas frappé!* *Quand on touche à Marie, ça me révolte.* For myself, I mind nothing now."

"You have the Diary, I suppose, in your possession."

"Oh, yes."

"Could you let me see it?"

"If it were at Paris, I could, but it is at my villa at Nice; I did not bring it with me. There are 106 *cahiers* in all, many of them as yet



M. BASHKIRTSEFF.

unpublished, and the journal will not appear in its entirety till I am dead."

"Was your daughter always delicate?"

"Oh, no. Only during the last two years. Charcot was her doctor; he was so quiet, so serious, and one day she cried to him, 'My dear doctor, you are too grave! *Je n'aime pas les personnes austères!*' Ah, she was so full of life and gaiety, so bright, and had so good a heart!"

She was always ready to smile, even at her worst. When her case was pronounced hopeless she turned to me and said, '*Mater Dolorosa, pourquoi prenez-vous une figure si triste?*' She loved all that was gay and lightsome—sunshine, flowers. I get letters about her from all parts of the world, but particularly from England and America. She liked London so much."

"I did not know she had ever been there."

"Oh, yes! once. She went with her aunt when she was quite a little girl."

"And what struck her most?"

"Everything struck her," said Madame Bashkirtseff, comprehensively; "its immensity, the public buildings, the Crystal Palace." (What do



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

foreigners see in the Crystal Palace?) "She was enchanted with her stay."

When we had visited the tomb, with its many sad relics of the dead girl, sad in their very homeliness, and Madame Bashkirtseff had given certain instructions with regard to it, we drove to No. 15, Rue Hégesippe Marceau, aux Batignolles. There a large, airy studio has been rented, whither Marie's paintings will in a few days be transferred.

"Do you ever go to England?" I asked, as I bade Madame Bashkirtseff farewell.

"I have never yet been, though I have so many kind friends there; but I must cross the Channel some day, and then my first visit will be paid to Mr. Gladstone. I shall hope to see you, too; so *au revoir*," and the warm-hearted woman embraced me.

BEAUTY.

"Youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow," I murmured vaguely as we pushed off.

"That's not quite right, is it? But, correct or not, it would be a very apt quotation," she returned, untwisting the rudder lines, "if I were young, or you—"

"Or I were pleasant?"

"No—if I were young or you were in the bow, but you are in the seat of the 'stroke,' and I am— The day, at least, is young," she added, "and very pleasant."

She leaned back on the cushion as she spoke, and her eyes followed the line of grey-green willows that trailed their long tresses on the bosom of the stream. The cool breeze dimpled the face of the water, and blew the soft curls from that broad, low brow of hers.

"See," she said, "Nature in her morning-gown, so fresh, so sweet. It is the dress she wears when only her lovers are there to note it. When the world wakes up and comes to look at her through its pince-nez and its single eye-glass, she shrugs her shoulders and says, 'Does it matter what I wear? Anything will do for them, because they notice nothing.'"

"Do you not wrong her?" I said. "Surely she has none but dainty garments in all her wardrobe, though, indeed, the daintiest may be that she wears now. Indeed, it seems to me this is a magic dress she wears to do you honour, and that, were you not here, her dress would have no beauty."

The boat was swinging round with the stream, and presently I looked up, to see her brown hair flecked with the sunlight that came through the alder boughs, and the leaves of the alder and its strange, rounded fruit forming a dark background to her bright beauty. I looked up, for I was sitting at her feet, because when you are in a boat you may do without remark that which in a drawing-room you may only hopelessly long to be allowed to say that you long for. In a boat a slave may know his place and take it.

"Beauty, someone says," she resumed, letting her hand hang over the side of the boat, so that it might touch the cool waters, "beauty is in the eye of the gazer."

"Yes," I said, for a glint of sunshine fell on her hazel eyes as she spoke.

She picked a little alder-fruit from the tree and held it out to me.

"See," she said, "how pretty it is! It is like a baby fir-cone. Do you know that of the thousands of people who go down to our river in boats, not one in a hundred will ever look at an alder, or know that it is an alder and that it makes baby fir-cones for itself and wears them for ornament. You and I are very clever people. We can hear so many notes in the orchestra that most people do not even dream of, and it is all a mere matter of musical education. As one grows older one sees more and more how much there is to see and how beautiful it all is."

"As one grows older," I assented, "one realises more and more strongly that there is only a certain amount of pudding, and one feels the necessity of appreciating to the full the flavour of each mouthful."

"Aren't you sorry for the poor blind people who can't see anything?"

"I can afford to be sorry for most people this morning," I answered from my place.

"They let life slip by them," she went on, "as if there were to be no end to it, or as if it were merely a road they had to travel on their way to something better."

"The Christian faith—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"Oh, I don't mean the pious people," she said. "There is method in their madness, and their blindness, when they are blind, may be voluntary. I mean the great crowd of folk who do things because other people do them, and not because they wish to do them themselves, and say things, not because they think them, but because other people have said them, probably without thinking, either—people who never see, and never hear, and never taste, people who go through all their lives looking for something—they don't know what—and never see the beauty of the green things growing, or of Fleet Street on a winter's afternoon, or of the August sunshine when it strikes across their rooms and draws out the heart of the colour from their red portière. Such people owe the little green growing things a grudge, because they hold the dew, and dew makes your boots wet. Do you suppose they ever look down Fleet Street, across the heads of the crowd, to where the little lead spire on Ludgate Hill shows black against the front of St. Paul's, or look up from the dusk and the hurrying figures and the lamps below to the pink flush of the sky and the great dome rising into it? Not they. They say it's beastly late, and call a hansom; and when the sun shines in and makes a heavenly glory of their curtain they remember that the sunshine 'fades' things, and they pull the blinds down."

"And what," I asked, "must one do, to be saved from the fate of such?"

She pondered a moment. The little alder-fruit lay dark and green on her pink palm.

"All these things," she said at last, "are old, old, old—as old as the hills and the heart of man. It is only when one is drunk with the happiness they bring one that one says, 'How clever I am to have found this out!' The secret of sight was set out hundreds of years ago, and in the plainest words."

"And that secret is?"

"To find 'nothing common or unclean,' to notice the green leaves, and the way the moss grows, and the way the stone lies, and the way your charwoman wears her bonnet, and the way her face lights up when she tells you about her daughter's baby, and not to think that you are better and cleverer than other people, and—"

"But we are better than other people—at least, some of us are, and you and I are certainly cleverer. I have it on the best authority. If there be nothing common or unclean, how shall we regard the folk who go through life hearing nothing, seeing nothing, tasting nothing, and who pull down their blinds when the sun shines?"

"Oh, you are so tiresomely literal," she answered, the colour deepening in her cheek till it looked like a smooth, ripe fruit. "If you pin me to it, I confess that one ought not to despise them, and I don't know that I do—at least, I shouldn't. Oh, there is nothing common or unclean, but there are some things that are unbearable. I don't mind earwigs, and spiders: I like, even the snail may be pardoned his conservatism—for is he not a householder?—but slugs are not to be borne with."

"Are they not beautiful, too?" I asked, being in a mutinous mood that morning.

Elvira's eyes sparkled, for she saw her way out.

"Of course they are beautiful to the highest intelligence," she said. "That is not ours."

"Some day, then, we shall see the beauty of the slug?"

She shuddered.

"I hope not," she said. "But pull, we are late already, and there is one thing that has no beauty."

"And that?"

"Is a pretty woman's face when her guests are late for breakfast."

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

CHIEFLY CONCERNING HIS AMERICAN TOUR.

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Chatting with my friend Mr. Cotes in the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, conversation turned as to what I had done with myself the previous evening. I explained that I had spent it at the theatre, where George Grossmith had given his latest programme, which includes some of his American experiences.

"He is staying here," said Cotes, "and if you want to see him I think you will find him in the Beaconsfield suite."

I knew my friend's pardonable weakness. A Conservative of the Conservatives, his greatest pride is the fact that Lord Beaconsfield held several Cabinet Councils in the splendid suite of rooms now dignified by the dead Earl's name. I explained that I hardly knew Mr. Grossmith sufficiently well to call upon him without an appointment, but I would drop him a line. The line was dropped, properly baited, reminding him that I had been introduced to him twenty-two years ago, when we were both "showing" at the same Institute, and that I must



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

have spoken to him on that occasion for at least two minutes, therefore I must be thoroughly well known to him. Luckily for me, I did not omit to mention the name of the paper in which I proposed to publish the interview, for the answer came back—

"For *The Sketch*? Certainly. Eleven o'clock sharp."

After the customary courtesies had been exchanged, I was able to conscientiously compliment Mr. Grossmith on the strength of his present programme, which I assured him was one of the very best I had heard him go through.

"I am glad of that," he said—"very glad. I will tell you why. When I started this single-handed entertainment, five years since, there were many 'kind friends' in front who, unable to gainsay my success, contented themselves by averring that it couldn't last."

"And it has lasted?"

"After five years of continuous performances, I have during the last fortnight broken my own record."

"Good. And now, Mr. Grossmith, as to America. Did you have favourable audiences from the very first?"

"No; I cannot say I did, as far as numbers are concerned. During my first appearances at Chickering Hall, New York, the audiences were small—only a quarter full; but the success of the entertainment, from



the applause and laughter point of view, was an assured fact within a few minutes of my stepping on the platform."

"Have they any entertainers of their own at all resembling you in style?"

"None. Their men are mimics to a man, but they mainly depend upon funny anecdotes."

"Then your business was a revelation to them?"

"Quite; and, naturally, it took some little time to get properly



appreciated from the treasury point of view. It did not take long, though, for at Boston, the second town I visited, where I opened to an audience of 2000 people, I gave twenty recitals, and on the last day the money turned away was painful to contemplate."

"I suppose you were constantly interviewed over there?"

"My dear Sir, I was waylaid at every step I took. Apropos of interviewing, there was one incident I must tell you, though I had meant to reserve it for my book. It occurred on a Sunday in one of the big cities, and my interviewer was decidedly of youthful appearance, though representing a big paper. I asked him if he was familiar with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. No, he was not; couldn't say he had ever heard of them. Did he know 'Pinafore'? No. Was he aware that it had been played at three theatres at one time in New York? No. When I came to think of it afterwards, this was not surprising, for, as he was but seventeen, and as the event in question occurred fifteen years previously, he would have been but *two* years of age at that time!"

"Very funny."

"The funniest is to come. He then asked me what I thought of Jim Corbett, the prize-fighter, as an actor. I said I did not see how he could be a great actor, seeing that he had had no experience. Did I think Corbett would whip Mitchell? I thought he might. Did I like cock-fighting? I replied I did not."

"And did he publish any interview?"

"Oh, yes. It ran thus: 'George Grossmith has arrived. He is a dapper little man. Produces *James Gilbert's* pieces. Thinks Corbett will lick Mitchell. Does not like cock-fighting.'"

"Did you have a *very* large house after that?"

"No; not a respectable person present."

"I suppose, after making a hit in New York, your success would be assured in the other towns?"

"Oh, dear, no; they are all too independent for that, and 'pride themselves on forming their own judgment.'"

"And now, as to your opinion of the American people generally?"

"I like them very much. Their hospitality is unbounded. I took out no letters of introduction. Everybody called."

"And you have no doubt of the success of your return visit?"

"Not the slightest. When I go back in January I play a week in New York straight off."

"Have you any idea of going to Australia?"

"None whatever. After my second visit to America, I shall make one more tour of England, and then practically retire."

"I am glad you have made your fortune so quickly."

"Ah, there you make the common mistake. I have not made a tremendous fortune, nor do I want to make one. I shouldn't know what to do with it. I've never been accustomed to it. Do you know the highest salary I ever received at the Savoy?"

"Something very big, I suppose?"

"Thirty-eight guineas a week."

"But with your great reputation you would get much more now?"

"Of course; three times that sum would not secure me, although the



stage is child's play compared with giving my entertainment every night—the strain is so great."

As he rose to conclude the interview I said, "One moment, I thought you looked very pale last night. Do you never put anything on your cheeks?"

"You mean colour—what minor theatrical people call 'slap.' No, never."

"Then, do you know what I should like to do before you go on to-night?"

"Nothing dreadful, I hope."

"No; I should simply like to 'slap' your face!"

ON READING "THE REBEL QUEEN."

I'm haunted by that thought of yours—
If rightly, Besant, I've divined it—

"There are no dead—the word obscures
A truth that lurks behind it.

"The good we do, the ill we weave,
Make up the Self surviving;
Thro' centuries we joy or grieve
For one poor day's contriving.

"The foolish things we speak or write
With endless iteration
Come home again to roost at night;
And man's his own creation.

"A race unborn shall reap the wind,
Although 'tis we that brew it;
We're bad because our fathers sinn'd,
And in their graves they rue it."

Perhaps! Of course, I ought to say . . .
At least, if we're immortal.

If not, then who will have to pay
When Death has closed his portal?

I've boys and girls: it grieves me sore
To think my sins will scourge 'em;
Smith has no children, but a score
Of vices—who's to purge 'em?

Nay, if we had our guerdon due
Not one would 'scape a whipping;
Stern Justice brings us sharply to
Whene'er he finds us tripping.

For me, I claim the common lot,
One sin one stroke suffices;
Heav'n rest the dead, and plague 'em not
For other people's vices.

L. S.



HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Some readers of *The Sketch*, I believe, have taken exception to some of the remarks under this heading, and are inclined to visit my transgressions on the paper. Now, this is a misconception. I will not say that all the sentiments expressed in this column are mine, for it is the privilege of a journalist to argue on any side with entire irresponsibility. But, at any rate, the opinions I put into words are not those of anyone besides myself—least of all are they those of the editor, personally or officially. Personally, he disagrees with me, and officially he agrees with everybody. Therefore, if anyone feels that I have trampled on his most sacred convictions, and mocked at his most deepest emotions—personally I am of the mildest and most serious disposition, but one never knows how one may be misunderstood—let him curse me by his gods, if he keeps any, but continue to look kindly at the pictures in *The Sketch*. I do not draw any of those pictures. I think they would be better if I did; but that is beside the question.

I issue this prefatory warning because I wish to speak concerning the Drama—with a big, big D. Now, it is a singular fact that men who will dispute for hours over politics or religion without turning a hair, and with power to relish points made at their own expense, go wild at the mere mention of some hated name or phrase, such as “the Master,” or “a well-made play,” or “the New Criticism.” It is an inexplicable peculiarity, but men have their congenital weaknesses. As Shylock remarks—

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others when the bagpipe sings i' the nose

Similarly, some there are who shriek and shudder at the sight of a toy comedian in a melodrama; others are in a passion when a burlesque dancer takes the stage; yet others cry out and cut themselves with knives because a modern playwright dares to attempt blank verse. Such heat is unwise. This is a partially free country, and any man may write blank verse as long as it will scan, and may call it blank verse whether it will scan or not.

It is not of blank verse, though, that I would speak, but of morality. Mr. H. A. Jones, greatly daring, has brought the Devil on the stage, showing him as labouring to embroil two countries again in war, and break the hope of peace by a sin—all which is eminently proper for a devil. But in the execution of the diabolical plot realism is carried in some direction to a considerable height. The incident of the door-key, in particular, is of a kind that is accounted “steep” in common talk. Nothing could be more proper and acceptable than the moral of the play; but, still, that detail of the door-key. Make the Prince a modern young nobleman, the Tempter a modern villain, the Chaucerian hostel or abbey—I forget which it is—a London hotel; then reproduce the scene, and see what happens, or rather what is not allowed to happen. It is curious how blank verse and doublets and hose make the difference between the permissible and the proscribed.

But if the dramatist had dared—or, rather, if he had been allowed to dare—to be frankly mediæval! Well, probably he would have been too obscure, as well as too rude. Still, it might be an attempt worth making to try to think ourselves back into the Middle Ages. To be sure, the central incident of “The Tempter” would hardly then have assumed such overpowering importance. Morality was not the strong point of the fourteenth century. The scruples of the lovers at the Haymarket would then have occurred to few save mystics. Mediæval men and women were like West Indian negroes of to-day: they used religion as a substitute for morality. A villain of that time was likely—save, perhaps, some desperate Ghibelline in Italy—to be sincerely devout. Also, suicide was not much in the way of people of that day. They were very particular about dying with full and proper rites.

Of course, it may be said that human nature is the same in all ages—which is, to a certain extent, true—and that temptation and the tempter do not vary greatly. But, at least, when one takes the trouble to go back several centuries, one wants to catch more than the mere outside of mediæval life. A few touches such as one finds in Chaucer or any contemporary author, something to make one feel with a sort of instinctive shiver that here is the real thing, the very soul of the Old England that has developed into our own country—that is what we want.

But one must not ask for too much. And one must reflect that a real mediæval devil would probably be unfit for publication. Dante's demons

are not pleasant company, and the appropriate fiend of the fourteenth century would be a very dirty devil indeed, one that we could not possibly ask Mr. Beerbohm Tree to personate. Mephistopheles is a Renaissance fiend. It was the study of Greek, we may say, that made the Prince of Darkness a gentleman.

By-the-way, as to the wreck scene in “The Tempter,” were we not promised some new and improved billows? Was not the sea to be of green silk—fancy that!—tossed into wild confusion by gigantic bellows beneath the stage, and did the effect come off? Apparently, nothing in the storm specially excelled the impressiveness of other stage storms. Had the bellows of the billows broken down, or had they exhausted themselves in the preliminary puff?

MARMITON.

A SKYE COURT-HOUSE.

At least five different places of worship, two very large and other smaller hotels, one thousand inhabitants—of such is the capital of Skye. There is also another object of interest in the town of Portree. A small, unpretentious, not to say plain, edifice, standing on one side of the square of the place, is the House of Malefactors. Hither on certain days a languid interest draws the more energetic of the natives. They come slowly—for a man of Skye never hurries—and find a bare room, containing several benches, and one exalted seat, surrounded by a bewildering maze of dock, witness-box, seats for counsel and clerk, &c. Presently a raucous bell—the bells are very bad in the Western Highlands—clangs, and the Sub-Sheriff enters. In this man's hands rest all the affairs of the island, for the Sheriff of Inverness—the county of which Skye forms part—is always on the mainland. After him follow sundry individuals, who look as if they had nothing to do, but are really officials of the Court. Soon it is perceived that several of those who were chatting in pleasant ease with the constables before proceedings began are to figure as prisoners. One or two cases of drunken disorderliness are disposed of, and the culprits, sentenced, perhaps, to ten days' hard labour, retire, and continue their cheerful conversation with their future—perhaps past, also—jailers. During each trial anyone appears to be allowed to put in a word when he thinks fit, while now and then the Sub-Sheriff remarks that it is his turn to speak. Then an old, hard-featured woman is had up on the charge of throwing her neighbour's peat into the burn. Both the ladies' names begin with Mac—indeed, practically everyone in the house is Mac something. The accused is very voluble, and her flow of Gaelic has frequently to be stopped by the interpreter, a big, burly man, by far the most commanding figure present, in order that counsel may get in a question. Instead of addressing the Court, she turns her attention to the owner of the peat, who stands quietly by, and occasionally returns a sharp retort. Luckily, they are separated by the large person of the interpreter. A witness is then called, and the Sub-Sheriff, after administering the oath to him in Gaelic with uplifted hand, asks in the same tongue whether he knows any English. He answers, “No.” “What are you speaking now, then?” “Gaelic.” Nothing can be got out of him, for at one moment he states eagerly that he was only a hundred yards away, and distinctly saw the woman throwing something into the stream, and the next he declines to say that the objects thrown were peats. The plaintiff, when asked why the other woman should have done this thing, enters into complicated details about crofter life and tenure of land. The latter retorts by calling her a murderer, and, in answer to the question what she means by that, looks very black, and blurts out that the plaintiff's bull had attacked her cow, causing its death. Somewhat suddenly the Sub-Sheriff ejaculates, “Not proven,” and adds that the two women will, no doubt, settle the matter outside. The Court dissolves into laughter, business is over for the day, and the disputants retire with determination written upon their countenances.

J. P.

A NOVELTY IN NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

One is sometimes tempted to think that the journalist of the future will be a man of titles. By this it is not meant that he will figure in the peerage, although the last batch of creations showed that he may do that, too, successfully; but he must have first and foremost a genius for serving up his matter under a good heading. It may be questioned whether it would be a necessity that the matter be good, so long as its label is catchy. The enterprising *New York Recorder* has gone in for something new in headings. It was a three-column collection of paragraphs “from the news of all over,” and it titles each with some familiar quotation, citing the source thereof. For instance, it tells the story of a burglar who broke into a store and shot the owner, who had been awakened by the noise of the intruder's entrance. “Queen Mab”—save the mark!—supplies the heading, “Death and his Brother Sleep.” Again, an account of a balloon ascent is labelled with the phrase from “Peter Bell,” “There's something in a huge balloon.” In one issue alone the Bible is quoted six times, Horace once, Shakspeare seven times, while Dryden, Burke, Gray, Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, and Bret Harte supply one heading each. The innovation is introduced by this ingenious set-off—“‘The world is a comedy to those that think,’ said the gifted Horace Walpole in a letter to Sir Horace Mann. Fortunately, there are two sides always to the shield; one side reflects the ‘Comedy of Errors,’ however dismal the tragic shadows cast by the other.” This method of labelling news might be claimed to be one way of familiarising the newspaper-reading public with good literature.



MISS EDITH TULLOCH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAVENDER, BROMLEY, KENT.

A QUINTETTE OF TALENT.

THE MISSES TULLOCH AT HOME.

It is not only with respect to their number that the Misses Tulloch may be said to stand betwixt the Graces and the Muses, for they may be regarded also, as respects their personal attractions and their intellectual

the jewels of rhetoric get polished, the fingers are trained to touch the strings of music, and the voice is modulated to sweet sounds. For this reason I hied me down to Erith to invade the Tulloch family at home, and at once I felt that I had stepped into an atmosphere of refinement, artistic taste, literary associations, and family affection.

It was a pretty prospect from the lawn, where the tame sea-gulls disputed possession with me, as I gazed on the far-off reach of the Thames, carrying the heavily laden sailing barges and the mighty monarchs of the P. and O. service. But there was apparently more life and animation around me, for two of the young ladies were hard at work at tennis, another was giving an obese pug an airing in a wheelbarrow, a fourth was skipping, while the réclumant form of a reader, scarce concealed by the leaves of a weeping beech, was swinging in a hammock.

Presently a summons to the tea-table brought us all indoors into the old-fashioned drawing-room, where quaint chintzes, lovely miniatures, antique china, and redolent pot-pourris reminded one of a time earlier in the century, when to be "up to date" was not estimated as the *summum bonum* of existence.

I came not quite as a stranger on this particular visit. I had for some time known the family, and with what care they had been educated under the best instructors, while the avenues only to the purest in literature and music had been opened up to them, I was well aware.

"Now, my dear girls," for I felt quite paternal seeing that the eldest young lady, Miss Edith, the singer *par excellence* of the family, is not yet of age, "I want each of you to tell me all about herself, but I know quite well that you won't like to do that, so I shall ask Miss Dora to talk about Miss Edith's musical career so far, and I shall depend on Miss Edith to inform me about Miss Dora's reciting successes and so on, for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*."

"I think that's an excellent idea," remarked Mrs. Tulloch, who was presiding at the little Japanese tea-table.

"Well, Edith has been a singer since she was fourteen," said Dora, "singing, however, as an amateur at local charities till she made her public début at Princes' Hall two years ago, repeating her appearance there last year, when we had our Tennyson recital."



MISSES EDITH AND DORA TULLOCH.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

endowments, from that intermediate position—a remark which their portraits and this interview will bear out, I trust.

The show-case at an exhibition is, doubtless, not wanting in attraction, but the manufactory of the articles shown is infinitely more interesting to study, just as the brilliant performance on the recital platform must yield, as regards real interest, to the exercises of the home circle, where



MISSES BERYL, EDITH, OLIVE, DORA, AND ADA TULLOCH.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.



MISS OLIVE TULLOCH AS PRINCE ARTHUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAVENDER, BROMLEY, KENT.

"Yes, I was there. I remember your spirited recital of 'The Revenge' and some of the 'Idylls of the King' with marvellous declamatory power and feeling; and I recall Miss Edith's sweetly sympathetic rendering of some of Tennyson's songs, set by Cellier and Mackenzie, and how everyone said what a lovely voice hers was, and what a credit she was to her master, Mr. William Shakespeare."

"But you did not come to 'The Children's Hour' at Steinway Hall, on which Dora particularly prided herself," remarked Miss Edith to me; for it was the first public appearance of her sisters and pupils, Olive and Beryl, when their dialogues and triologues, specially arranged by Dora



MISS DORA TULLOCH.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

from "The Walrus and the Carpenter," "The Cow and the Ass," and "One in the Middle," were given, and were an immense success, while Olive's recitation of "Prince Arthur" was tremendously applauded.

"And have you not just returned from touring the provinces?"

"Yes," replied Dora, "and we have enjoyed it immensely. We visited Birmingham, Manchester, several towns in Lincolnshire, and the principal cities in Scotland. It was so nice, you see, because we make our own company, and so no disagreeables of any sort can arise. Besides, we get invited to quite the nicest houses, and we make such delightful friends. Beryl was our accompanist, and Ada, who is a pupil of the celebrated Madame Sydney Pratten, played solos on the guitar and mandoline."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Tulloch, "the children took immensely, and I think the care with which the programme was drawn out, in which we adhered to the best authors, the great interest entertained by the provinces in Tennyson, and the general love for good music may chiefly account for their enthusiastic reception."

"Of course, the recitations were not all serious," added Miss Edith. "Dora finds a difficulty in finding selections which are humorous without being vulgar. Besides, she always tries to avoid the usual stock pieces. Then, all public recitations, you must remember, should have marked features. The delicate and dainty things Austin Dobson writes, such as 'Good Night, Babette,' and 'The Cap that Fits,' and Elsa D'Esterre Keeling's 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland' are really only suitable for recitation in the home circle."

"And what sort of lines do you find the most difficult to learn, Dora?"

"Well, I think blank verse the easiest—at any rate, it is easier than prose. The most difficult for me are decidedly humorous recitations, such as 'The Lady and the Tiger.' However, I don't find much trouble in learning anything."

"And don't you ever break down?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"No; sometimes, perhaps, a movement among the audience will make me unconsciously leave out a whole line. I don't often forget, and if I did I should make up something to run on with"—and she smiled as mischievously as though she had occasionally done this.

"And who taught Dora?" I inquired.

"She owes very much as to her earlier excellent teaching to Mr. S. L. Hasluck. Now she teaches herself principally; indeed, she does more than that, for she has a class of little pupils. Mother took her to Clifford Harrison, but he said he had nothing to teach her, as practice and observation were now her best instructors. Dora is always giving new finishing touches to her work. Lately she has been introducing the use of spectacles in reciting 'The Bishop and the Caterpillar,' and it has gone splendidly," said Miss Edith.

"I hope you will sing to me those favourites of mine, 'On the Banks of Allan Water' and the 'Jewel Song' from 'Faust,' which so admirably suit your voice, before I go. And you must tell me what you have been doing lately, Miss Edith."

"Edith has been singing Henschel's 'Spring' a good deal of late. She's been taking lessons from him for a while, and she has had no end of encores with it; and the 'Shadow Song' from 'Dinorah' has been very much applauded," spoke up Dora.

"And I have also been giving a good deal of attention to Grieg's music. Besides, I am very fond of operatic music, and love, best of all, singing to an orchestra," Miss Edith added, as she moved towards the piano.

Presently the room was filled with her pure soprano voice, and Beryl showed what really can be done with guitar and mandoline. This had scarcely concluded before dear little Olive climbed up into a chair, and was evidently eager to bring her 12 years' intelligence to bear on the subject of Prince Arthur.

T. H. L.

"C'EST UNE VILLE POUR TOI."

(As Madame Zola remarked to Monsieur.—*Take the Newspapers.*)

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,
Who came from 'cross the sea,
Tho' we seldom take to sipping
Absinthe or eau-de-vie,
But prefer our noses dipping
In Scotch or S.-and-B.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,
Where the slums are rich and rare,
And from basement up to attic
Are filled with fetid air.*

*Whip out that pen dramatic,
For there's local colour there.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,
Where the sun must rise at morn*

*From Bow to Chelsea Gardens
On canaille and beggar born,*

*"For them as ain't the fardens,
And ne'er a rag to pawn."*

C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,

Where the wives to Bow Street go,

To charge their lords and masters—

Oh! I've seen 'em in a row,

With their blackened eyes all plasters.

Oh! they make a goodly show.

C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,

With the pubs aglow with light;

Oh! "L'Assommoir" isn't in it

On a "smoking concert" night,

When with drink the boys begin it,

And wind up with a fight.

C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,

*Where Miss Nana (*belle Anglaise!*)*

Rides like her Paris sister

In tandem-harnessed chaise

(Her mother never missed her),

With diamonds all ablaze.

C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,

Is this town by Tamise tide,

It's gold in mud embedded,

For the Fates the poor deride,

And Poverty is wedded

With Vice, a willing bride.

A. T. P.

GRAVE AND GAY.

My lad, if you would please the town,

Remember life's a chequered quilt

Of grave and gay, of smile and frown—

And that's the way the world is built.

The world is built of grave and gay;

Remember, lad; this golden rule—

A laugh to chase its gloom away,

A spur to prick the empty fool.

A mingled yarn of shine and shade,

A quilt of patches loosely knit—

Remember, thus the world is made,

And sing for them that fashion it.

L. S.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



AU PIANO.—H. CAIN.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Albert Moore, R.W.S., whose death occurred on Sept. 25, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two-years, was the youngest of the three sons of the late Mr. William Moore of York, an artist of considerable



SWEETHEARTS.—WILLIAM STRUTT.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

local repute, and a teacher of drawing many of whose pupils have attained celebrity. Mr. Albert Moore, who had been educated under his father's eye, had for more than thirty years been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, of which body, however, he was not even an Associate. If his brother-artists in this country were somewhat tardy in their recognition of his grace and skill, on the other hand, Albert Moore was highly esteemed on the Continent and by art connoisseurs of both hemispheres. His special charm lay in his delicacy and refinement, both of line and colour; and although it was said—and with a certain degree of truth—that his work was purely decorative, it was of that style of decoration which could only be inspired by a poetical temperament. He was not a rapid worker, although there was nothing in his art which

betrayed the least idea of labour or tedious elaboration. His style of painting was singularly free and instinct with a sense of feminine beauty, far more idealised than displayed in the work of any contemporary painter, not excluding the President of the Royal Academy himself.

Both of Mr. Albert Moore's brothers were painters, who succeeded in very different lines of art. Mr. Henry Moore, R.A.-elect—the only one who has secured formal recognition from the Royal Academy—is too well known by his sketches of blue sea and expanses of purple clouds to refer to otherwise than by name. The eldest of the three brothers, Mr. John Moore, who died some fifteen years ago, just as his talents were beginning to be known, like his youngest brother, Albert, in early life painted chiefly in water colours. He excelled in portrait-painting, especially of children, but, instead of giving a mere facial resemblance, his aim was to seize the child-side of his sitter's ways or habits. The fortunate possessors of pictures by the late John Moore are now realising the artistic merit and the delicate introspection which distinguish his work when compared with the prosaic photographs which are too often the portrait-painter in ordinary. Old William Moore of York must have had in his composition the germs of very remarkable talent, which he was able to divert into three channels running in different directions, but all three, thanks to his judicious training, converging towards the same object of perfect excellence.

It may be said, with that perfect sincerity which is often lacking to such occasions, that the death of Mr. Albert Moore is a genuine loss to the prestige of English art. Yet, in spite of his great and singular talents, to us who watched his career with desire to see its natural fulfilment there was something disappointing. He never attained to the height of that ambition which his great merits certainly should have won for him.

We have not the smallest desire to join in any expression of discourtesy or scorn in regard to that Academy which always kept this distinguished painter somewhat without its consecrated pale. The chances of an Academy election are very various indeed, and it often happens that a painter will approach the boundary of the desired land, and then, by some freak of fashion and popularity, be swept back as with a receding tide. And it is particularly noticeable that the nearer an artist approaches to the point of election, if, mayhap, that election for the moment goes against him, his chances become far more remote than before. One recalls the case, years ago, for example, of Lady Butler, who was within a single vote of election; but the vote was adverse, the time passed away, and that distinguished artist's name has since scarcely ever been mentioned in connection with the choice of the Academy.



ON THE SCHELDT.—W. RUPERT STEVENS.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



THE SUGAR-CANE SELLER.—A. N. ROUSSOFF.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 148, New Bond Street, W.

It may similarly be allowed that many Academicians and Associates of the present time would, entirely owing to the changes in popularity and fashion, stand little chance of election, where some years ago that election was a foregone conclusion. Thus the honour of Associateship is so much an affair of temporary chance that its refusal in any conspicuous instance may scarcely be regarded with vehemence or with indignation. We regret, indeed, that such a nice opportunity did not present itself to the career of the distinguished artist who is just dead, but we think we have made it sufficiently clear that, for no reasons connected with anger against the Academy, we do not consider the rejection as a slur upon Mr. Albert Moore's work or reputation.

That work well deserves all and more than the reputation which he enjoyed. And yet it is in quite his earliest work that we like him best. In his later canvases he sometimes erred in colour. Nevertheless,

Mr. Burne-Jones is not quite so successful in his cartoon, "Christ Blessing Little Children." The design is certainly full of gracefulness and that careful fluency which distinguishes all Mr. Burne-Jones's work; nevertheless, there is an emptiness about the general effect which, perhaps, may be somewhat discounted when the work has been completely carried out. The collection of other works in the gallery is certainly too numerous for detailed specification here; one may mention in passing that Mr. Richmond wins a somewhat unexpected success in his sketches for the colour decoration of St. Paul's, which are quite interesting and artistic. The art expended upon the decoration of books is one, moreover, which is well represented at the New Gallery, some of the bindings showing a combination of simplicity and artfulness which is extremely effective. Zähnsdorf, however, in the binding of "Herrick," designed by Lewis Day and "tooled" by Maullen, is prominently superior, as that celebrated house well deserves to be.



M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY CHEZ SA FILLE, MADAME A. BRISSON.—M. BASCHET.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

as a decorative painter—for that was, frankly, the province which he chose—he had admirable taste and admirable accomplishment. It was emphatically sincere and serious work—less self-conscious than that of the President's in the same way of art, and, at the same time, far less stiff. If it lacked anything, it was dignity, and, by way of compensation, it gained in softness. In a word, it had a quiet distinction, a tender fulness, and an achieved decorative quality which rank it among the really distinguished work of the time.

The opening of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery will be chiefly memorable for the splendid realisation by Mr. William Morris of Mr. Burne-Jones's uncoloured design of Sir Galahad's Adoration of the Holy Grail. No previous accomplishment of Mr. Morris has appeared so singular, not only for the beauty which the final state of the tapestry shows, but also for the inimitable patience and labour which have achieved that final result. The colours, for which Mr. Morris is entirely responsible, blend into each other, from the strong reds of the angels' wings into the most delicate shades of those portions of the subject, such as the cell of the Grail, which recede furthest from the light, in beautiful and indestructible harmonies. The design of the tapestry is also well worthy of the distinguished artist who conceived it.

For the rest, we may note that among the multitudinous objects collected here there is scarcely any which is unworthy of exhibition. One would certainly say that a very wise severity and judiciousness have directed the choice of the committee in their selections from the work submitted to their examination. Although, perhaps, with a few exceptions, such as we have pointed out, there may not be very much to approve with enthusiastic praise, it is certainly to be said that there is scarcely anything which falls below a meritorious average, and that, in a motley exhibition, is of itself high praise.

The *Athenæum* announces, on what is described as "the best authority," the exceedingly regrettable fact that, owing to an amazing mischance, one of Mr. Burne-Jones's most brilliant pictures, "Love among the Ruins"—a work which, painted in 1873, was recently on exhibition at the New Gallery—has been irretrievably and hopelessly damaged. Lent to a firm of London art publishers, so runs the story, the picture was, a few weeks ago, entrusted to the tender mercies of an operator, who did not seem to be aware that, like most of this artist's pictures, it was painted in water-colours. Under an impression, therefore, that it was painted in oils, he covered it with a preparation of white of egg, a form of experiment which proved quite fatal. The faces of the figures—two lovers seated among flowers and briars—have been destroyed.



"ARRÊTEZ!" — L. BARRAU.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



AVANT L'ORAGE. — J. DUPRÉ.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

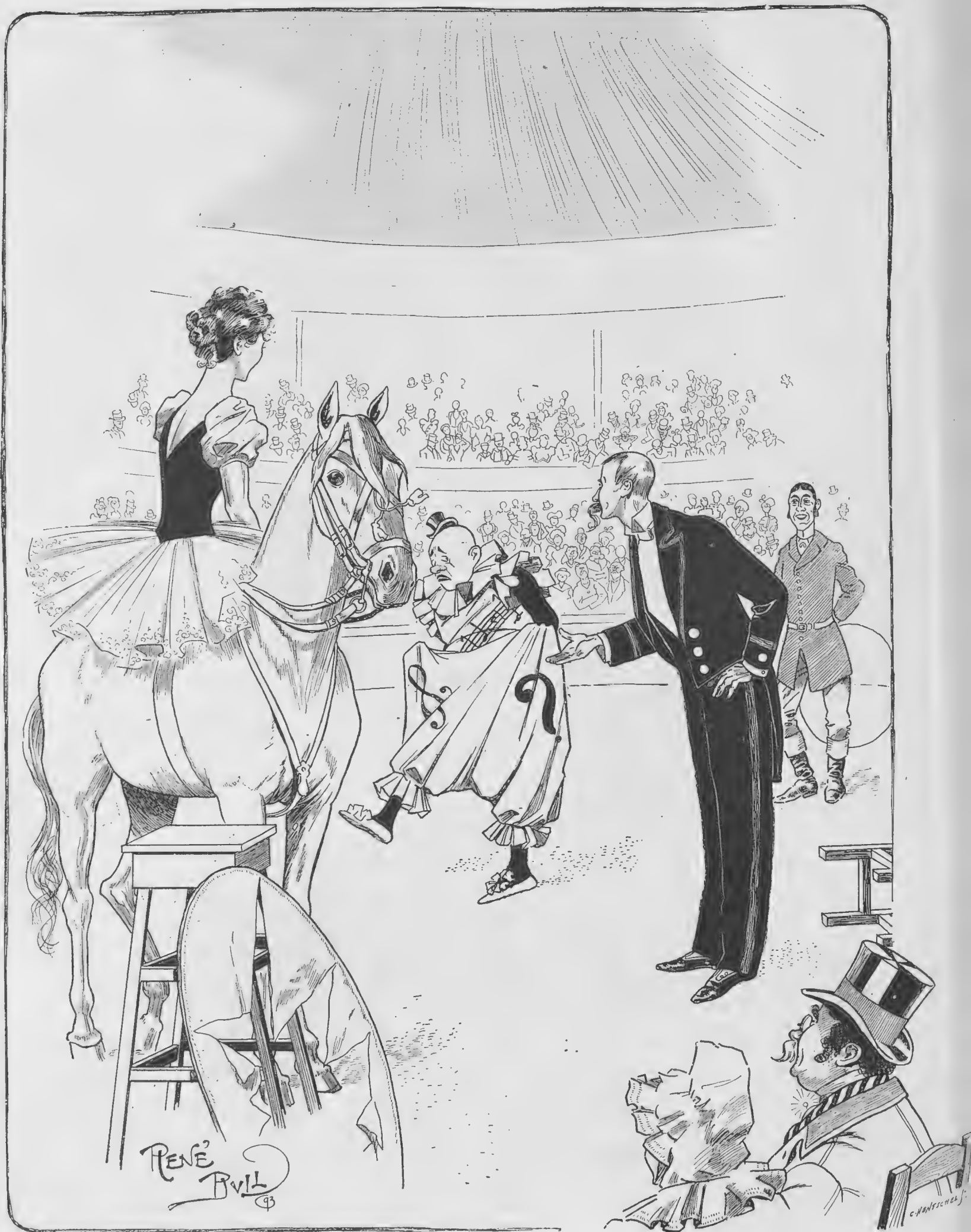
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



STOP THIEF!



AN OLD RHYME UP TO DATE: "WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOUR," ETC.



RINGMASTER (to Clown): "Can you tell me, Sam, why your jokes are like unsharpened pencils? Give it up? Because there are no points to them."

SAM: "Garn!"



MY SWEETHEARTS



When his progeny were introduced severally to him, he declared that he had had enough of family cares, for each and every one of them bore a strange likeness to his 'letti hois' the frogs."

ABOUT BOURNEMOUTH.

"There was a time, a time for ever gone," as one of Mr. Gilbert's quaint ditties has it, when Bournemouth was generally looked upon as a kind of big hospital for weak-chested and suffering folk, and consequently robust mankind did not make its way thither to any great extent.

But Bournemouth soon manifested that it possessed just as good claims on the attention of the holiday-maker as Brighton, Dover,

Bournemouth it quite ceased to be a hospital. Nigger minstrelsy has a peculiar way of labelling a place "seaside resort," and so, when the strains of "Daisy"—stay, it must have been "They're all very fine and large" at that time—began to make melodious the air of this south coast town its inhabitants knew that they had been discovered at last; while its hotel and lodging-house proprietors shed tears of gratitude, and devoutly blessed those Ethiopians with their bones and banjos.

Just about this time of the year the advantages of such places as Bournemouth and Torquay are in special request. In spite of its



Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.
THE BAND ON THE SEA TERRACE, HÔTEL BURLINGTON.

Eastbourne, or any others of that ilk. Its inhabitants began to bestir themselves and pile up attractions of all sorts and conditions. Hotels, theatres, piers, pleasure gardens, band-stands, and steamboat trips did not long appeal in vain to the susceptible Londoner, and, lungs or no lungs, off he went by the London and South-Western Railway to take his fill of breezy Bournemouth delights.

When the gentleman of darksome hue, clad in a rainbow-like "blazer," and armed with the melodious banjo, made his descent on

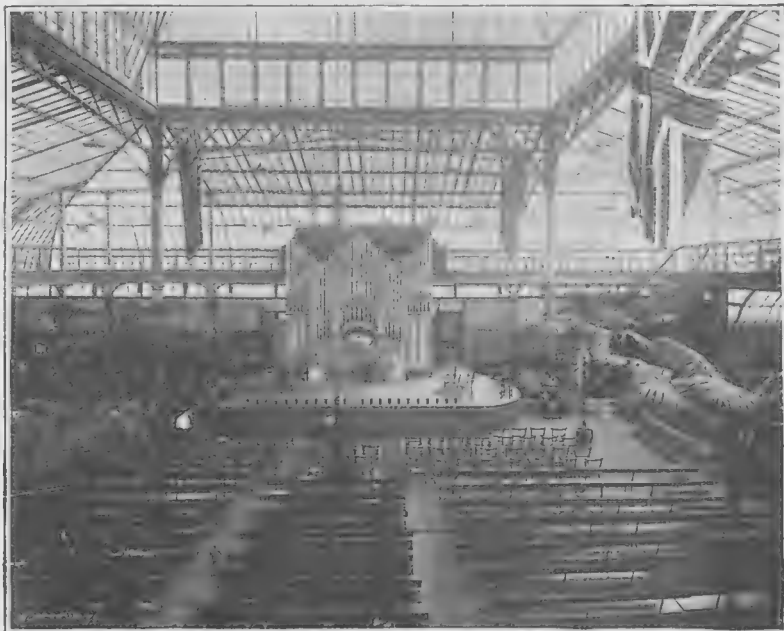


Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.
THE PAVILION.

popularity as a holiday resort, invalids continue to flock to Bournemouth in considerable numbers, as the little strings of bath-chairs you may meet with on the Esplanade and elsewhere will readily testify. Scores of ailing folk go to Bournemouth with white cheeks and return home with brown ones. The medicinal qualities of its climate are known to every member of the healing profession, and lucky is the hotel proprietor who manages to get into the good books of a London doctor that can send him "good" patients. Owing to its sheltered position, Bournemouth is



THE HÔTEL BURLINGTON, BOSCOMBE.

Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.

admirably adapted for buffeting with the icy blasts which come from the north and harry the weakly constituted, and many a life has been lengthened through a timely visit to this charming watering-place.

As a matter of fact, Bournemouth abounds in pleasure gardens and carefully laid-out "walks" and "retreats." This orderly arrangement of Nature's handiwork may, perhaps, be carried a little too far, for, as the author of that dainty brochure, "Sunny Boscombe," rightly remarks, "Why a couple of miles or so of cliff, skirting the sea, east to west, may not, in the opinion of a reasonable man, be held to provide a more

to look dull. And although the steamboat traffic is pretty brisk, the railway trains are kept busy too. There are two railway stations, and the train service as a whole is, I believe, highly accommodating.

Bathing at Bournemouth is particularly good, as the sands are remarkably smooth, and the beach, like most beaches, is a thing of beauty and joy for ever. There in the summer time sit countless Mammas, aunts, and governesses, keeping watchful eyes on numberless sons and daughters, nephews, nieces, and pupils, and there, under parasols of every shade, recline damsels of all types of beauty, some attended by



THE INVALIDS' WALK.

Photo by A. Parker, London.

attractive, natural sea-walk than the grandest ornamental structure ever raised on piles, is one of those questions which we respectfully leave to the consideration of the local mind."

"Sunny Boscombe," by-the-way, which is Bournemouth's eastern-most suburb, is fast coming to the front. It abounds in good boarding-houses and hotels, chief of which is the recently erected Hôtel Burlington—the latest example of what Mr. Thomas Colcutt, architect of the Imperial Institute, can do. This great place contains 200 rooms, built on three floors. The architect has skilfully utilised the principal angle-towers as staircases, and thus the upper floors are not reached, as is usually the case, through the hall, but by the east and west principal towers. Mr. Colcutt has successfully imitated the Riviera fashion of hotel-building. The famous house of Maple and Co., London, is responsible for the luxurious furniture and fittings of the hotel.

The well-known Boscombe Chine, a steep, evergreen valley, separating the upper part of the town from the East Cliff, is laid out as a pleasure-ground, well sheltered from the winds seaward and landward. No longer



BOSCOMBE CHINE.

Photo by A. Parker, London.

swains and some in solitary grandeur. Bournemouth likewise possesses a well-stocked library and reading-rooms, wherein many literary folk disport themselves when the weather is inclement. Summer and Winter Gardens also add to the attractions of the place.

The pier, 800 ft. in length, makes a breezy promenade, and at its head, at different times of the day, one may find steamboats snorting and straining, like fresh horses anxious to let off their superfluous energy.

And do not, ye visitors, omit to patronise with your presence that commodious erection, the Pavilion, which, together with the other three "P's"—the pier, the promenades, and pleasure gardens—has been put up solely for your joy and delight.

Lastly, I would mention that not a few famous folk have breathed their last at Bournemouth, and an interesting afternoon might be spent in visiting their resting-places. Earl Cairns lived and died there; John Keble died at Brookside, an Italian villa near the Baths; and the poet Shelley's widow, who died in 1853, is buried in St. Peter's Churchyard.

But Bournemouth is, perhaps, at its best by moonlight. With the



ON THE BEACH.

Photo by A. Parker, London.

do doughty smugglers land contraband goods at the foot of the Sea Road which joins the Chine. Respectability's trade-mark is stamped on Bournemouth and Boscombe's marine trade nowadays, although, with all due respect to Her Majesty's Customs, smuggling must have been a delightfully romantic and hazardous occupation in the good old days, when smugglers, as well as knights, were bold.

I believe that Bournemouth contains something under—or possibly over—19,000 souls. This number, of course, does not include visitors. As the season there begins in September and ends in May, we may presume that this sheltered nook is filling up fast, and that things there are beginning to look lively just as things in other places are beginning



THE PIER.

Photo by A. Parker, London.

rays of the Queen of the Night softly glimmering across the still water, and the subdued melody of the band coming faintly to one's ears, the charm of the place and its surroundings can be truly appreciated. The slender forms of the women, with the more substantial ones of their cavaliers, can be discerned on cliffs, pier, and walks, and the whole makes a pretty picture, which is remembered by the business-worn City man long after he has returned to London and the warfare of the commercial world. So take practical advice, and when particularly jaded and overwrought go to Waterloo, book to Bournemouth, and in two and a-half hours' time you will be pacing the sands of this most popular resort.

R. S. W.-B.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Cesarewitch has produced the usual amount of speculation, and the race should be well worth seeing. It is a fact in many long-distance races some of the tiny jockeys engaged are tired out before their horses, and this will often account for upsets of form in the Cesarewitch. Lord Cadogan, has, therefore, acted wisely in engaging Seth Chandley for Prisoner, as the north-country light-weight is a marvel. Bradford has been very successful over this course, but some of the youngsters who could go to scale at six stone may do better at some future date. I think Waugh will lead back the winner in Prisoner, and I should not be at all surprised were Mr. Tom Wilson to land his big "double event" bet about Prisoner for the Cesarewitch and Racburn for the Cambridgeshire.

Few of those spectators present at Epsom on Derby day last year could have failed to notice the right royal reception accorded Sir Hugo, although the race had been a disastrous one for the public. Regret must have been felt at the defeat of the peerless La Flèche, but no one begrudged Lord Bradford his great triumph. His Lordship has for years been regarded as one of the pillars of the Turf, but until Sir Hugo accomplished the trick the familiar white, scarlet sleeves, and black cap had never caught the judge's eyes first in the famous classic race on Epsom Downs. Despite his seventy-four years, Lord Bradford is still an enthusiastic race-goer. At the present moment he is interesting himself in the establishment of a new track in the vicinity of Birmingham. Owing to Sir Hugo failing to stand a preparation, his Lordship's winnings this season will not equal last year's total—£8052. In the days of Chippendale, his Lordship was no mild speculator, but now, I believe, he is content to support his horses for a place. In Cuttlestone he owns one of the most notorious horses in training, but he has not yet despaired of winning a good prize with the son of Retreat.

Why do not the Jockey Club institute a Handicap for Rogues? I refer to horses like Punster, Cuttlestone, Fatherless, Milford, and many others, who at times cannot be induced to do their best. Such a race, framed on handicap lines, would prove of the highest interest, as we should see how the uncertain ones behaved when contending against one another. I am afraid there would be very little betting over the event, as the names of all the horses likely to run would have been barred by backers from long ago.

A well-known Clerk of the Course once told me that it was necessary to take £300 per day at a jumping meeting before a fixture could be made to pay. Of course, this amount is easily forthcoming at meetings like Sandown, Kempton, and Manchester, but I doubt if the receipts amount to anything like this sum at, say, Lingfield, Portsmouth Park, or Leicester, and it is just on the cards that the winter game has been carried on at a loss at the three places last named. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that it is necessary, in the interests of the club members, to provide sport during the winter months, even though this be done at a loss. Gentlemen called upon to pay an annual subscription of five or ten guineas expect something in addition to a few days' flat-racing for their money.

Apparently, the Middle Park Plate is plain sailing for Ladas, and I see no reason why Lord Rosebery's colt should not become a warm winter favourite for the Derby. I know the Kingsclere people have a great belief in the ability of Bullingdon to do well over the Epsom course. I looked the colt over when he was last out, and I thought him a perfect picture, rather long in the back, perhaps, and not compact enough to suit the old-fashioned critic, still, built to stay. However, I fancy Bullingdon has a will of his own, and it will be necessary to deal tenderly with him in the early spring of next year, or he may turn rogue if galloped too much. His breeding is good enough, as both his sire and dam, Melton and Shotover, were successful over the course. Galloping Dick is, I am afraid, a rogue, but Government is an honest colt, that might worthily represent Baron Hirsch at Epsom. Schoolbook is hardly good enough to do duty for the Duke of Portland, but his Grace owns a dark colt in Cessnock, who is reported to be smart. The Prince of Wales's colours are to be carried in the Derby by Florizel II., a St. Simon colt that may improve with age. However, I can see nothing at present likely to beat Ladas.

Mr. Charles Thompson, the well-known gentleman rider, has had a successful time on the Continent with his horses, and he is about to return to England for the winter campaign. Mr. Thompson is a resolute rider, and it is no exaggeration to say that he has broken nearly every bone in his body in the pursuit of his favourite pastime, and many will be surprised to hear that Mr. Thompson would at any time rather ride a raw horse over the Grand National course than a trained hunter in a two-mile flat race. I fancy the worst tempered horse Mr. Thompson ever rode was Wild Meadow. When the brute was owned by Captain Bewicke and trained by the late John Jones, none of the stable riders would ride him; but by the aid of a strong ash stick Captain Bewicke once got him round the Sandown course, and thereby won a bet of £50. The Captain soon after this got rid of the animal to Mr. Thompson, who could do nothing with him in England, and, I believe, the horse was afterwards taken to Germany, where he met with a fatal accident. Mr. Thompson is a good all-round athlete, and is particularly fond of boxing.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the prettiest books for children to be published during the season is "The Little Mermaid, and other Stories," of Hans Christian Andersen. The translator is Mr. R. Nisbit Bain, who is rapidly making way as a competent authority in regions of literature where there are very few experts in this country. The illustrator is Mr. J. R. Weguelin, and, judging of the specimens I have seen, his work promises to be satisfactory. The name of the publishers, Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, is a guarantee of all that is tasteful and sufficient in the way of get-up.

Mr. Marion Crawford—beautifully described by an American as indefatigable as Anthony Trollope, and inexhaustible as Cornucopia—is going to spend the winter in America, partly in giving readings and lectures, partly in writing.

I hear that Mr. Henry James is also likely to pay a visit to America soon, when he will spend some time with his brother, Professor James, of Harvard College.

That admirable young poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose history is picturesquely treated by Miss Katharine Tynan in the new *Bookman*, is beginning to obtain a recommendation in America, where his last volume is to be issued by the poet's publishers, Messrs. Roberts, of Boston.

Sir George Douglas's "Modern Scottish Verse" (W. Scott) is, rightly read, a delightful collection. And it will probably be rightly read if the editor's introduction be digested. It is not an anthology of supremely perfect poetry, nor is it representative of Scottish temperament, style, or anything else in particular. The writers are not all great men, and there is little link between them save their Scottish birth or parentage. They are the verse writers of a much Anglicised period, of a transition period some would fondly hope, and therefore for Scotsmen keenly interesting. The Scottish Renaissance, if it has begun, is as yet showing itself more powerfully in prose than in verse.

Some of the names of the verse writers are, however, very eminent. The include Bell Scott, James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night," Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Stevenson, besides names of narrower reputation. The editor has given a good many selections, so that the powers and temperament of each can be fairly gauged.

If the artistic value of the whole be not uncommonly high, yet there is hardly one extract in this very unconventional selection which has not a real interest, personal or literary, and if the book do little more than reveal to Southerners the songs of Alexander Anderson it will have done enough. There is an excellent portrait of Mr. Stevenson as frontispiece.

The first volume of the New Irish Library has appeared, and, very appropriately, it is Thomas Davis's "Patriot Parliament" (Unwin), to which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has written an introduction. Very appropriately, because the society under whose auspices the library is published, in its Irish branch, at all events, aims at the same kind of work which was inaugurated fifty years ago by the Young Ireland movement, of which Thomas Davis and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy were the leading spirits. The two movements, both Nationalist, though not in a narrow political sense, both seek to soften or ignore religious differences, and both heartily believe in the power of a popular literature.

Davis's "Patriot Parliament of 1689" is not offered in a partisan spirit. Long ago Mr. Lecky regretted that the papers of which it is made up had never been reprinted from the *Dublin Magazine* of 1843. It is a serious contribution to the Irish history of a period which has been treated, according to Davis, with more brilliancy than accuracy by Macaulay and Froude. It is but a short chapter, sober and unsensational, but, supplemented by Sir Charles's popular introduction, it is very readable and complete from this point of view. Doubtless, the library will contain before long some more fragments of Davis's prose and verse. The flavour of his writing has not all gone off since '45.

The third edition of Mr. Frederick Litchfield's illustrated "History of Furniture" is about to be published by Messrs. Truslove and Hanson. This book has become quite the classic authority on an interesting subject.

Mr. Phil Robinson has always surprises in store for his readers. His innocent titles wrap up unguessed satires, and he has a quite particular enjoyment in laughing at people. The other day it was the poets who posed before nature, and did not know the difference between a frog and a toad; now it is at everybody in general.

"Some Country Sights and Sounds" (Unwin) is just the title to attract a good aunt bent on the edification of her nephew, and the nephew, to whom the title will conjure up idyllic descriptions of seed-time and harvest, and beautiful sentiments too good for every-day wear, will be delighted when he finds that the book dilates, and in a somewhat frivolous fashion, too, on such country sights as wolves, oysters, and the man in the moon. For all his frivolity, Mr. Phil Robinson is possessed of much nature lore, and it is all the more palatable that it is well mixed with humour and other human qualities.



A MUSICAL FÊTE.

THE HOUSE OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York have had their quiet stay on Deeside followed by a series of great functions, beginning in Edinburgh, where they arrived on Monday evening from Balmoral. The Scotch capital went wild with joy over the appearance of the Duke and Duchess, who took up their abode, not at the ancient Palace of Holyrood, but in the Royal Hotel, which is conducted by the father of the well-known cricketer, Macgregor, who is more familiar on this side of the Border than he is at home. The town was most magnificently decorated and illuminated, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. On the following day their Royal Highnesses were presented with a series of gifts, ranging from a Bible and a hymn-book—the gift of the Scottish Bible Society—to a silver tea-service from the royal tradesmen, and a solid gold rosewater dish, the gift of the Corporation. Wednesday found the royal pair at Stockton-on-Tees, where the Duke opened a public park presented to the town at a cost of £10,000 by a shipowner, Mr. Roper. The city from which they take their title received them royally on Thursday. A public holiday had been proclaimed, and the people turned out in their thousands to welcome the Duke and Duchess. The Duke received the freedom of the city, which had been conferred on two former Dukes of York before him. The wedding-gift

from the city took the form of a handsome silver-gilt cup, a reproduction of a loving cup presented to the Corporation two centuries ago. The Mayor of Sheffield, on behalf of the city, presented them with a collection of steel and silver cutlery. The tour ended with the Metropolis itself, where their Royal Highnesses made their last great public appearance on the memorable 6th of July, when all London cheered them on their wedding day. The visit was to receive the gifts which the citizens of London were to present to that collection which must make the House of York pretty well crowded by this time. A small deputation waited on them at York House, St. James's Palace, to make the presentation, which consisted of some lovely pieces of tapestry, two specimens of which are reproduced here from photographs by Messrs. Bedford, Lemere, and Co., 147, Strand. The gift took the form it did at the desire of the Duke and Duchess, who wished it for their town residence. The Corporation instructed Messrs. Duveen, of Old Bond Street, to look out something suitable, and the firm, fortunately, had in stock four panels and two smaller ones representing the village merry-making, harvest making, a musical fete, and a dancing fete. They were manufactured after the design of David Teniers by Edward Leyniers of Lille about the year 1680. The colouring is very beautiful, and the panels are surrounded by a charming border. Altogether, the offering of the citizens of London will form one of the most notable additions to the many gorgeous gifts that the royal pair have yet received.



THE VILLAGE MERRYMAKING.

"A GAIETY GIRL" AT REHEARSAL.

In these days, when a general diffusion of intimacy is part of the policy of the periodical press, the delicious mystery that was wont to lurk in the very phrase "A Gaiety Girl" at rehearsal is not an every-day experience. Come with me, then, to the Prince of Wales's Theatre this morning at eleven o'clock, share with me the privilege of passing the sacred precincts of the stage-door, and you shall see something of the labour of preparation that goes to the making of a modern musical farcical comedy. They are just going to begin a rehearsal; let us go quietly down the stage, round by the proscenium wing, and on to this temporary platform placed over the orchestra, where a young lady sits at a piano, ready to accompany the songs and choruses. Sit down here by the table.

That group there, in the front of the platform? The tall, fair, burly man is George Edwardes, the manager of this theatre, the Gaiety, and the Empire. The dapper little man who is bustling about so enthusiastically is Owen Hall—at least, that is his *nom de guerre*; he is writing the play, for a piece of this kind is always being written till it is actually produced. Willie Edouin; you know him, of course. What is he doing here? Producing the piece, and very clever he is at this kind of work. The others are Sydney Jones, who is writing the music—new numbers and alterations being constantly required—and Malone, the stage-manager, who has enough to do to keep everyone on the spot. But I don't see Harry Greenbank, who has written the lyrics.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the opening chorus, please," says Mr. Edouin, with the end of a cigar between his teeth, and the stage is immediately filled by a number of girls and young men, who on Saturday night will be recognised as nursemaids and Lifeguardsmen in undress uniform. They all know their "business," and the chorus is sung without a stoppage. Then a troop of stalwart young men march in; these are supposed to be in full uniform, and the fickle nursemaids at once transfer their affections.

"Are all the principals here?" cries Mr. Edouin.

"Principals!" echoes Mr. Malone.

"Not all," is the answer of the call-boy, and absentees are individualised.

There are one or two unparliamentary mutters heard upon the platform, and then the belated ones arrive, and the rehearsal proceeds. Detached portions of the scene of the first act are set, and those not immediately engaged in the current scene scatter themselves about, and converse often in such loud tones that remonstrances from the stage-manager are called for. But this is only during the earlier period of the rehearsal. Soon everybody is regularly at work.

Mr. Eric Lewis, who has been hovering about in the wings, now makes an imposing entry, and comes down the stage to sing a capital satirical song, beginning "I'm a judge of a modern society sort," and having a spirited refrain, which is taken up by the chorus. After this Mr. Hayden Coffin, who is to represent an amorous Captain of Life Guards, comes down to the footlights to try over a sentimental ballad, upon the subject of which he has some discussion with the author and manager, and let us hope that they will all have their way.

"How do you like doing this kind of thing?" I ask Mr. Owen Hall, as he comes to ascertain an outsider's opinion of the song under discussion.

"Never enjoyed anything so much in my life. Nobody is satisfied with his or her part, consequently I am everybody's worst enemy; and now George Edwardes, in his anxiety to make everybody happy, has promised to interpolate about twenty-eight fresh solos in the second act, which will necessitate the entire reconstruction of my story and the rewriting of my dialogue. He is so good-natured."

And as the genial manager sits, smoking his cigarette, and listening with satisfaction to Miss Lottie Venne singing with delightful humour "I am favourably known as a high-class chaperon," one can almost believe the author's little fiction.

"All our visitors must be somebodies," says Miss Venne.

"Must be somebodies—that's a cue," shouts Mr. Edouin. "Why doesn't somebody come on?"

"Must be somebodies!" echoes Mr. Malone. "Now, Gaiety girls, Miss Massey, Miss Selwick, Miss Robinson, where are you?"

Some artificial female laughter is heard up the stage.

"Well, why don't you come on?" shouts Mr. Edouin again.

And then it occurs to the three handsome ladies to make an appearance. They have not taken the cue properly, and they are sent back to repeat the entrance and the laughter until these come in their right places. Miss Maud Hobson, the Gaiety Girl, is, however, up to time, and immediately enters heart and soul into the business of the rehearsal; but, then, she is the heroine and has a capital part.

It is remarkable how little enthusiasm is generally forthcoming at rehearsal. Miss Decima Moore and Harry Monkhouse sing a duet of delightful humour—she arch and piquant, he admirably droll—and when it is finished, in place of the vociferous applause which it is sure to evoke from an audience, there is a little quiet consultation. "That's all right." "Think it'll go?" "Yes, I think so." And then on to the next piece of business.

"Count four and then kick; kick on the four," suggests Mr. Edouin. And they dance, all counting "One, two, three, four—one, two, three, kick," and so on.

"That's the third four you've counted," says Mr. Monkhouse.

Miss Venne, Eric Lewis, and Harry Monkhouse—that is, the titled widow, the judge, and an army chaplain—have just sung another spirited

trio, and they are in difficulties about the ensuing comic dance, a somewhat elaborate measure.

And now a lilting tune is played, and Mr. Hayden Coffin sings almost *sotto voce*, but with much picturesque gesture, a song about the virtues of the British soldier, Tommy Atkins's chorus being taken up by everybody on the stage. George Edwardes is enthusiastic. "Did you ever hear a better song than that?" he asks with a conviction that defies an answer.

Miss Selwick next rehearses her skirt dance, the accompanying piano being kept in time by the stamping of Mr. Edwardes's foot and an occasional cry of "Quicker, quicker!" from the dark-eyed dancer.

And now for the dramatic finale of the first act. Miss Juliette Nesville comes down to where Miss Hobson is sitting, and surreptitiously places an incriminating diamond comb in her pocket. Then, after Miss Hobson has stood proudly on the dignity of a Gaiety girl, she prepares to go and find the comb. "What's this?" she exclaims. "A diamond comb in my pocket. I wonder how it came there?" Miss Nesville is by her side in an instant, suggesting that, as the jewel was in her pocket, and doesn't belong to her, presumably she stole it, a remark which throws the entire company into a state of consternation, and brings on Mr. Hayden Coffin and the sentimental interest. But something is wrong. The incident doesn't quite "go," somehow or another. So they go back, and do it over again, and yet again. Mr. Edouin orders a little alteration in the "business." Mr. Owen Hall suggests that one of Miss Nesville's lines might be made more dramatic by the elimination of a preposition or two, and so gradually the scene arranges itself, and they work up to the climax and the final tableau, showing the Gaiety girl tearing herself away from her lover's arms, and striking an agonised attitude on some raised wooden planks, which on Saturday night will represent a grassy lawn.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, half an hour for lunch," says Mr. Edouin; "but," he adds, with the foresight of managerial experience, "don't make it three-quarters."

And very soon the stage is almost cleared, one actress—oh, such a pretty one!—remaining behind to ask Mr. Edwardes for a better dressing-room than the one allotted her; another, with a rose-bud of a face, stays to request that her part may be written up and a song given her, though apropos of what would be difficult to imagine. But who could refuse that coaxing look?

Mr. George Edwardes is talking in his most persuasive mood to a clever young actor. "Why, my dear fellow, yours is a splendid part; you are the most popular officer in the regiment; you are the best shot, the best rider, the best polo-player, the best—"

"Yes, that's all right," interrupts the young actor; "but I don't get any shooting, or riding, or polo-playing to do—at least, in the first act."

"Wait till you see the second, my boy," says the clever manager.

And we all go out to lunch, leaving the theatre, with the long, white, ghostly dust-cloths covering the auditorium, empty and silent, till, after the half-hour's interval, the strident voice of the call-boy shall summon "Chorus and principals for the second act, please." M. C. S.

A MINER WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE.

It was a terrible imprisonment that Richard Davis suffered for forty-seven hours in the Dolcoath mine, 412 fathoms beneath the earth

surface. About a hundred men were engaged in the rescue work, and after a great deal of weary waiting they managed to reach Davis, who alone of the imprisoned men was alive, and strange to say he was apparently little the worse for his long incarceration. His safety depended on the fact that a portion of a stall, a framework of board, in which he was found, remained intact. As the exploring party neared the place, one of them crawled underneath the fallen timbers and grasped Davis by the hand, saying, "How are you, old fellow?" to which the former cheerfully replied, "Getting on all right, but feeling a bit grubbish." He was carefully drawn out, and, after receiving some light refresh-

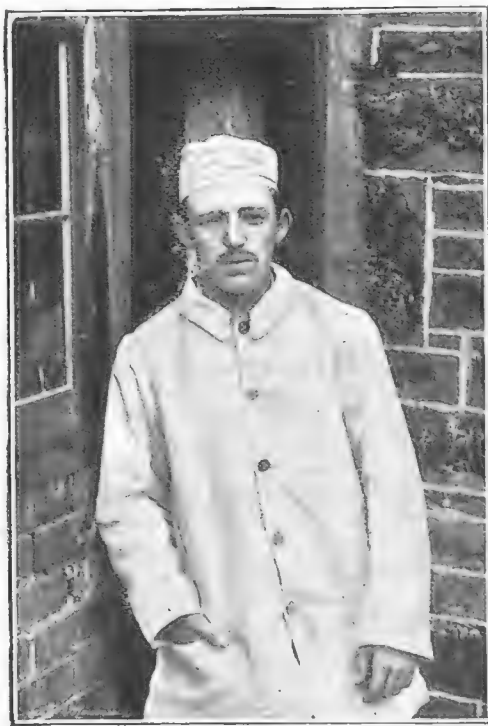


Photo by J. Durrant, Colburne.

RICHARD H. DAVIS.

ments, was quickly removed to the surface, where further refreshments were administered. Unhappily, he could give no information respecting his comrades.

SISTER VICTOR.

"Sister! A visitor."

Sister Victor, who was busily engaged carving at a table in the centre of the ward, looked round with a scrutinising glance as the rosy-checked probationer drew her attention to my figure in the doorway, and came forward courteously to learn my business. When I explained



SISTER VICTOR.

that I had no excuse for interrupting her, but insatiable curiosity to learn something about her work, her bright face lit up with a pleasant smile.

"I am glad to see you. Visitors are always welcome, and I only wish we had more. Fortunately, you have arrived in time to see a ward dinner served. If you will take this low chair while I finish carving, I shall soon be at liberty to answer all your questions."

As she spoke she pointed to a chair by her table, of which I availed myself, and returned to her work; while I noted how eminently the blue plain dress and snow-white cap suited her slight figure and thoughtful, refined face.

"Roast lamb, chops, and two vegetables for all on full diet," she explains during an interval in the carving. "Soup or fish for our greatest invalids. They have their choice as far as we can allow them. We cook all our chops up here, so that they may be served as hot as possible. A half-cold chop is an abomination."

While chatting, the Sister glances ever and anon comprehensively round the ward, and notes how each patient is progressing with dinner, and her sympathetic directions and remarks to her assistants leave no doubt in my mind that she is as capable and kind as she looks. Dinner is served with scrupulous care and rapidity, and when the last portion of the rice pudding has been allotted, and with a few words of encouragement to those who are failing to do justice to their fare, we pass into an adjoining ward, and I wait while the diet table is written out. Then she turns and says in her brisk, energetic manner—

"Now I am at your service. This ward is also under my charge, and the little operating theatre," and we stroll in the direction of a room which looks a trifle gruesome.

"I have everything to superintend in here, prepare for operations, keep all the instruments in order, and clean them myself; and you shall see there are not a few," and, opening drawers and cupboards, she discloses rows of instruments, kept with exquisite care.

"Hard work, is it not?" I query.

"Yes, certainly," she replies quickly. "Hospital nursing is very hard work sometimes; but, then, we are not allowed to enter till we are twenty-five, and we have ample opportunity during our probation of judging if we like the life or not. If we do not, we are not bound to stay. I have never been so happy in my life as here, though before entering as a probationer I had a very good time, and was abroad every year. I never found anything to complain of during my training, and each year the nurses have their comfort

more studied. We have regular work, regular meals, and regular rest, and I consider we are fifty per cent better off than many women who marry on small incomes, and whose daily drudgery is never done."

Sister delivers her opinion so forcibly that I am constrained to remark, "You apparently think your life a happy one?"

"Yes, distinctly so. I am devoted to it. I will not say the hospital is perfect, but we do our very best. Every large public institution is open to suggestions for improvement, but when you consider the in-patients alone last year numbered over 9000, and our expenditure, despite every care, far exceeds our income, you will have some idea how difficult it is to make improvements. The first thing we need is improved funds, and the rest will follow. Matron's one care and thought is the comfort of her nurses, and she has already done much for them, and will do more still when the public realises that it is not criticism but cash we need."

"Have you not more privileges than the nurses?"

"Yes, a few; but, if we have less actual work, we have more responsibility and anxiety, and each probationer has the same chance of becoming 'Sister.' Now, will you come over to the Home? We shall just be in time to see the nurses at dinner. Such a pretty sight!"

We hurry down numberless corridors and wards, all spotlessly clean and comfortable, and find ourselves in a stream of nurses, all bound for the dining-hall. As we mingle with the throng and overhear their remarks and chatter, I realise that the late comments on the London Hospital have not only served as a dish for the dull season, but afford a vast amount of amusement to the nurses themselves, who treat the whole matter with contempt.

"You can judge for yourself if the nurses look happy," Sister remarks. "At any rate, they are not low-spirited, despite their wrongs. In a large body of women it would be a wonder if we had no grumblers."

"How do you do, Sister?" It is a pretty, fair-haired nurse who encounters us by the doorway. "You are quite a stranger here."

"Yes; we have come round to see you dine."

"See the fiends feed, you mean. I look starved, don't I?" she remarks to me, with a rippling laugh, holding out a decidedly well-covered arm. "Do you know what the Sisters are called?"

"No."

"Peripatetic inkstands. Good-bye. I am quite ready for dinner."

With a bright smile, she registers her name, and makes one of the number who surround the carefully laid tables, on which are lemonade, milk, stout, and ale, and each nurse takes which she prefers, while the "Home Sisters" are carving and looking after their comfort. After lunching, we wander back to the hall door, for Sister has to return to her duty, and I remark that it reminds me of schooldays.

"Yes," promptly replies Sister, "that is exactly what it is; a huge school, which one must enter with an ideal, and with a sympathetic nature, for it is a life of self-denial; but then we do so much good, and our patients are so grateful, that we have our reward. Good-bye! Come again as often as you like. Visitors are as much welcomed by my patients as myself."

A hearty handshake and a pleasant smile, and Sister's slight figure disappears from view, and I am left wondering why all the sensible women bury themselves in hospitals when they would be such a boon in every-day life.

BETWEEN NORTON BRIDGE AND STAFFORD.

Is it rude for two people to sit and look at each other in a railway carriage?

There were green grass fields outside and yellow cornfields. There was Izaak Walton's old house with a blazing sun in each window. There was a shiny river edged with strandy water weeds. There were gardens dressed in hollyhocks and sunflowers, and inside there was only us two.

If a very white-headed old man and a very bent old woman had sat where we did they would have seen the fields and the river and the gardens. The old man would have taken off his spectacles and the old woman put down her bag of soft biscuits to look at them. The old man would admire the view, and never even see what coloured eyes the old woman had—whether they were hazel or really brown, and he would not speculate as to the length of her eyelashes, or wonder if she had two dimples or only one, and the old woman would keep her eyes on the landscape and be quite indifferent as to the sit of her bonnet.

Then, perhaps, they would talk a little, and they would say what a slow train it was, and how tired they were, and they would get out when the train stopped, and he would potter off one way and she another, and straightway they would forget each other. These two people would be old and wise, and they would know that the colour of a woman's eyes or the length of her eyelashes, or the number of her dimples, or even the sit of her hat, are matters of no importance. They would shrug their shoulders and say it would be all the same in a hundred years.

But youth is different. A young man thinks the brown of a woman's eye and the red of a woman's cheek and the black sweep of a woman's eyelashes are very vital and most beautiful things, and a young woman thinks—oh! well, a young woman thinks of her hat. When I am a bent old woman and he is a white-haired old man, I hope we may never meet in a railway carriage. I do not want us to see the flowers and gardens; I want us to see each other. I would rather look inside and be young and happy than look outside and be old and wise.

S. E. S. E.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Some little stir was caused in Rugby circles by the transference of Fred Cooper from Newport to Bradford. Naturally, Welshmen suspected that this was a little bit of Yorkshire professionalism, but, according to Mr. Cooper, he first approached the Bradford club, simply because he was giving up his employment in Wales for a better situation in Bradford. Cooper is a flying wing three-quarter, but I fear he is on the light side for the heavy programme of the Yorkshire club. Judging from the form of Bradford this season, they will require more new and good blood if they are to make a respectable appearance in the Yorkshire Senior Competition. Up till last Saturday Bradford had not won a single match, and some of their defeats have been of the most crushing order.

Among the more promising of the Yorkshire clubs this season, Liversedge takes a strong lead, while Halifax is also playing a good, consistent game. Huddersfield appears to be on the down grade, notwithstanding that they have recently imported from other counties Beak and Forsyth.

I am pleased to see that Blackheath have made a successful start, and that they intend to give the four three-quarter system a thoroughly good trial. Howard Marshall has promoted himself from half-back to centre three-quarter, where he looks like turning out an immense success. Quite a number of the London clubs are going in for the Welsh formation. Middlesex Wanderers intend to play four three-quarters regularly, and Kensington have also given the system a trial with encouraging results. Last year, in this column, I made a prophecy that in a couple of years' time the four three-quarter system would be general throughout Britain, and, judging from the rapid strides it is making in all parts, I am more confirmed in my belief than ever. Welsh clubs have done great things with it with indifferent resources, and I am perfectly certain that with the material which English clubs have to draw upon their efforts, if persevered in, will meet with even greater success than that of the Welshmen.

The clubs in the Lancashire competition are showing rather in-and-out form. Salford, who won the championship last year, are by no means playing so well as their friends could desire, and Swinton have not started with that dash which carried them to such a high place last season. Oldham, however, have shown a distinct improvement on their last year's play, and, with a little luck, will take a lot of beating. Warrington are going strongly, while Broughton Rangers and Wigan are surprising their friends by their brave show. Gates, in Lancashire, appear to be on the big side, for at the recent Oldham and Swinton match £263 was drawn. This is not bad for a mining district at the present time.

ASSOCIATION.

The overthrow of a popular Government is as nothing in certain sections of the community when compared with the downfall of a popular League club. It is then that the real foundations of the Empire, whatever and wherever these may be, are shaken to the roots. Good old foundations! Good old Empire! In the awful calamity that befell Sunderland, the champion League team, at Everton, the other day, politics and other popular questions were all forgotten. It has been said that Home Rule holds the field, but that is all nonsense. On this occasion Everton held the field, and that, too, in such a manner that Sunderland, the pride of the north, the "team of all the talents," were beaten by seven goals to one. With one exception, this is the biggest thrashing that Sunderland has ever received in a League match. It is difficult to account for such a serious fall of the champions. It is true they have not been going very gaily since the start of the season, but up till the Everton affair they had not been defeated in a League match, and their friends were sanguine that the club was as strong as ever.

The club of the season, so far, has been Sheffield United. Admitted to the League for the first time this year, their career has been a perfect marvel. They won five and lost one out of their first six matches, and, judging from the way they have played, both at home and away, the Sheffielders look like having a fair look-in for premier position. What a contrast is the position of the United when compared with Wednesday, the other Sheffield League club! The Wednesdayites won only one out of their first seven matches, and are still at the bottom of the League table, although I think they are too good a club to remain there long.

Is the popularity of the Association game on the wane? We are constantly being told that it is, but figures do not bear out this view.

At the recent meeting of Sunderland and Everton £634 was the sum taken at the gate, which is only some £60 short of the highest on record. In the south of England I know the game was never half as popular as it is to-day. Woolwich Arsenal, although only a second-rate club, can draw 12,000 spectators on a Saturday afternoon, and quite a third of that number on a week-day. Other clubs who have good gates are Millwall Athletics, London Caledonians, Old Westminsters, Clapton, and Crusaders. The leading clubs in some of the smaller towns like Chatham, Luton, Swindon, Wolverton, Marlow, Reading, and Maidstone can all count upon their followers by thousands. Professionalism has not made much headway in the south of England up to the present, although it is stated that a professional team has been got together to play at Wembley Park, Willesden, the seat of Sir Edward Watkin's great tower. I have no doubt that a good professional team in London would pay, but it would require to be in the heart of a populous district, and not in a cold, neglected shade like Willesden.

CYCLING.

Is it worth while writing down, or, as they call it, "chalking up" cycling records? The ink is hardly dry on the last record before a fresh one is created. Last week I had to speak of a certain young Pope, who encompassed the mile in 2 min. 5 sec. This was hardly good enough to last more than a day or two, and so A. W. Harris came along



"WELL STOPPED!"

at Herne Hill the other night, and knocked four-fifths of a second off Pope's record. At the same time he reduced the half-mile record to 1 min. 2 1-5 sec. It was only last week that I said that the man who first accomplished the mile in two minutes would immortalise himself, and I hazarded the prediction that, if not accomplished this season, it would be done next year for a certainty.

I am a greater prophet than I knew or intended. On Oct. 4 Willie Windle, of Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., is said to have accomplished a flying mile in 1 min. 58 1-5 sec. Although this feat lacks confirmation, I am disposed to believe that it is perfectly correct, for Windle has been known as a record breaker and one of the fastest men in the world for several years. What I should like to know is whether he accomplished this feat without any artificial aid, such as being screened from the wind by a trotting sulky, which would also act as a pacemaker. It is doubtful whether cycling has yet reached anything like its top speed, for hundreds of busy brains are working every day on new inventions connected with the wingless courier of the air. A pneumatic hub is one of the latest notions. It is said to be a good thing.

Another Brighton-and-back record has gone wrong. W. W. Robertson, of the North Road and Stanley, covered the double journey from London to Brighton and back — distance, 104 miles — on a tricycle, in 7 hrs. 24 min. 2 sec. This, too, in spite of a punctured tyre and heavy rains.

The Essex Beagles, who hold the Southern and National Cross-country Championship, have arranged a splendid programme for the coming season. Two open steeplechases have been decided upon. The first will be held at Forest Gate on Nov. 25, and the other at Grays on July 13. The Southern Championships will be held this season on Feb. 17, and the National on March 3. The Beagles look forward to the coming season in the full expectancy of retaining the double championship.

OLYMPIAN.

HALF-AN-HOUR WITH MR. F. H. COWEN.

When Mr. Frederic Hymen Cowen first went to Italy, in the days of his ardent youth, he had conquered no artistic worlds, and was beset with no Alexandrine pining for new spheres to vanquish by the magic of his art.



But a man need not necessarily be an Alexander in order to indulge in the luxury of dreams. And young Cowen dreamed—of a musical *tour de force*. He had never forgotten Piccolomini's performance in "La Traviata," which he saw at the age of five. Nay, more. Had not Henry Russell encouraged his childish interest in musical sounds? And had he not completed the music to an opera, entitled "Garibaldi," at the mature age of eight summers? *Aut Caesar, aut nullus*. He would write a grand opera to an Italian libretto on that lachrymal subject, "The Lady of Lyons." But, although the aspiring young Cowen had sketched the outlines of the work, the music was never written; he formed charming acquaintances and a few friendships instead. The reason was that the Italian libretto never proved entirely satisfactory. That incident in his career occurred nearly twenty

years ago, and now the youth, become master, is returning to the land of song and macaroni, to produce his much-debated "Signa" in musical Milan.

Mr. Cowen, when he was born at Kingston, Jamaica, on Jan. 29, 1852, at once began to breathe an artistic atmosphere. But the West Indies had not enough chromatic oxygen, as Mr. Gilbert might say, to sustain his vigorous nature, and accordingly, at the age of four, the generical home of raw sugar and "Old Jamaica Rum" knew him no more. He brought his parents to England, to essay his fortunes amid more congenial surroundings—or, rather, it would, perhaps, be more correct to say that he enlisted the services of his paternal progenitor as a primary essential in that important adventure. But to pass from the mood Pickwickian to the tense immediate, if Mr. Cowen has since given to the world some charming symphonies, it is a happy circumstance that his early environment was distinctly symphonic. As I sat and chatted with the popular composer in his cosy study at Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, a few days ago, nothing was so ubiquitous as that placidity which is the passive mood of obvious success. The story of Mr. Cowen's artistic career has been told before in contemporary musical literature, but the circumstances of the moment make its repetition in brief singularly appropriate.

The initial bent to Mr. Cowen's life may be said to have been given when his father, after his arrival in England in 1856, became treasurer of Her Majesty's Theatre, then under the direction of Mr. Lumley. But Cowen *père* was not a man of one part. He still found leisure to serve Lord Ward (afterwards Earl of Dudley) as secretary for the long period of twenty years. Lord Ward, himself a discriminating lover of music, perceiving the artistic precocity of his secretary's son, took a keen interest in young Cowen's melodic talents. This was just the refreshment that young genius needed, and the Earl revealed his own wisdom by selecting Julius Benedict and John Goss for his mentors. Thus, in 1860, when only eight years old, we find young Cowen commencing serious study under the former master for the pianoforte and under the latter for harmony. At twelve he could play Beethoven's sonata, Op. 106, completely to Benedict's satisfaction. So far back as 1863 dates the record of his first public appearance—at the "Bijou Theatre," inside her Majesty's—even when he was winning the approving opinion of the critics. The year 1865 found him entering the Conservatoire at Leipzig to study the pianoforte under Ignatius Moscheles, harmony under Moritz Hauptmann, and composition under Reinick. From that date his work assumed a more important character. He soon gave the first-fruits of his higher studies to the world—to wit, his first string quartet and his maiden essay for the orchestra, an overture

in D minor. Some songs, too, about this period betrayed, even at that early date, traces of his felicity in that branch of his art to which now adheres no small portion of his popularity. The Austro-Prussian war alarms led to his return to England in the winter of 1866-67, and when he revisited Germany a little later it was to enter the Conservatoire of Professor Stern at Berlin. There he continued his pianoforte studies and studied composition under Friedrich Kiel. The turning point in Mr. Cowen's career may be said to have come in 1869—a great year for him—for at the age of only seventeen his first symphony, a work full of promise, was honoured with public praise. In due course came "The Rose Maiden," followed by commissions from the Liverpool Philharmonic Society and the Norwich Festival Committee. But it was not till 1872, at the Norwich Festival, that he publicly wielded the bâton and established the versatility of his talents. Then followed a break in events, occasioned by his visit to Italy, the visit of his ambitious dream. He roamed through Venice, of course, and after leaving Italy added Sweden in his travels. The year 1876 saw him again at work, and "The Corsair" Cantata was the result. Then came "Pauline," for Carl Rosa's English Opera, and, after a visit to the United States for the benefit of his health, the now famous Third Symphony in C minor, "The Scandinavian." The period of transition was now over, and Mr. Cowen took acknowledged rank among contemporary English composers. There is little need to retrace the familiar ground of his later experiences. His brilliant endeavour to establish the Saturday Orchestral Concerts on a sound financial basis, the origin of his orchestral suite, "The Language of Flowers," the production of the "St. Ursula" Cantata, his visit to Vienna—for the first performance, under Hans Richter, of the Scandinavian Symphony—his appearances at Budapest and Stuttgart to conduct his favourite work, the number and order of his many songs, the birth of "The Sleeping Beauty," the coming of the oratorio "Ruth," and the production of Symphony No. 5 at Cambridge by the University Musical Society are at this date as familiar as so many household words.

If one other phase of Mr. Cowen's career remains, it is the right he has established to rank among the conductors of the century. It was as far back as 1880 that he was appointed conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden; but he was soon to be invited, when the post of conductor of the London Philharmonic Society's Concerts fell vacant by the retirement of Sir Arthur Sullivan, to follow in the wake of Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Wagner, Costa, and Sterndale Bennett. His visit to Melbourne to undertake the musical direction of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition may be said to have established an epoch in musical history. So determinedly had the Antipodeans set their hearts upon enlisting him in their service—Mr. Cowen had then entered his name for the Principalship of the Royal Academy of Music, rendered vacant by the death of Sir George Macfarren—that they added to their enticements the unprecedented sum of £5000. Accordingly, Mr. Cowen sailed for the Land of the Fleece in May 1888, taking with him "A Song of Thanksgiving" for chorus and orchestra, which he had composed for the opening of the Exhibition. In Australia he was lionised in one long round of banquets, fêtes, and receptions, and when the farewell performance of "Ruth" was given in Melbourne he was literally pelted with flowers. For the rest there is little more to add. Returned to England, he once more set himself hard at work on composition, and in the following December the "St. John's Eve" Cantata was heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Then followed another opera, "Thorgrim," for Carl Rosa, the composition of which was due to a commission the impresario had given him the year before. And at last we have "Signa," which was written originally for the Royal English Opera. The fate of that establishment led to its indefinite postponement. At one time Mr. Cowen arranged for its production in the garb of an Italian translation at the Carlo Felice Theatre in Genoa, but he was again doomed to be disappointed. Now, as I have said, he is forsaking us for a while, and hieing him away to the softer delights of Milan.

These were the salient facts I gleaned during our conversation, and then from the purely personal we drifted into the reflective mood.

"No," mused Mr. Cowen, "I do not know that I have any startling episode to relate. I have never starved; but I have had my difficulties and my uphill fights. I have always worked hard."

"And now, in the heyday of gratified achievement, which do you consider the most representative of your works? Dickens, you know, loved his 'David Copperfield' best," I suggested.

"Well, I do not know. The work that is considered most representative of me is the Scandinavian Symphony; but I consider that the Symphony in F, No. 5, is the finer work."

"Then, as to the influence of master on pupil—I do not mean as between teacher and student, but in the higher sense—which of the masters do you think has exercised the most influence over you?"

"That is a very subtle point to determine. It is a very difficult matter to examine one's own work in such a connection. I endeavour to be influenced by no one, and try to be as individual as I can. Whether I am influenced by anyone is not for me to say; beyond that, I am influenced by the modern development in music."

"And the modern spirit in the popular sense, how have you found it express itself in response to your work at the Promenade Concerts during the past seven weeks?"

"Ah, the concerts at Covent Garden have been of very great educational value."

"Which nights do you think have drawn best—the purely classical?"

"Well, I should think the Wagner nights have drawn the best,

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| 12 Tea Spoons | 1 Gravy Spoon. | 1 Sugar Tongs. | 1 Marrow Scoop. |

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DANGERS OF AN EXCESS OF FAT.

An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil; an accumulation of it may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs. Those suffering from *polysarcia omenti*—that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat—sometimes several inches in depth, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the disease known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver.

The former is the deposition of particles of fat within the *sarcolemma*, substituted for the proper muscular tissue. If the fatty degeneration exists to any amount, the muscular walls present a yellowish colour, and the heart is soft and flabby.

This may be confined to one ventricle, or it may affect the inner layer of fibres, the outer layer remaining unchanged. The degeneration of the left ventricle occasions feebleness of the pulse, and the heart is enfeebled in proportion to the disease. Difficulty in breathing is one symptom of this disease, especially when the right ventricle is affected. Symptoms resembling those of apoplexy, such as pallid surface and feeble circulation, have been observed in persons who have died of this affection.

The above we extract from the book of a well-known writer on obesity, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," an interesting little book which is well worth reading, and only costs six stamps; post free. A person need no longer be abnormally stout, thanks to the vegetable discoveries of this gentleman, who has done much to assist those who suffer from the demon obesity, and has completely refuted the theories of some of the most eminent medical men, who frequently prescribe an alarming change of diet of the most nauseous character, depriving the forbearing victim to stoutness the usual drink which he has been accustomed to take. It seems marvellous that he can accomplish even greater reduction of weight

than other specialists who prescribe a doubly drastic treatment, and to do so with simple harmless roots is the most praiseworthy. It is a curious fact that that his patients generally eat more after losing weight, which shows that starvation is not the orthodox treatment.

The following are extracts from other journals:—

HOW TO CONCEAL OBESITY.

The stout lady is always asking what she shall wear in order that she may appear less bulky. She should not wear tight-fitting tailor-made suits; rosettes should never be worn at her belt, either at the back or front; no lace or ribbon ruffs about the neck, though a soft feather one is permissible if it have long ends. A short skirt will give a queer, dumpy look, which is particularly undesirable. The hair should never be low on her neck; it should be high, and arranged with great smoothness. Strings of beads round the neck are prohibited, and if her fingers are short and fat even rings should not be worn. After all, this is only a makeshift, although large sums are paid by fashionable modistes for artistic designs and blending in order to conceal *embonpoint*. What seems to escape the notice of the stout lady is the fact that the cost of the trickery with the dresses is more than she would have to pay for a real and actual reduction of weight. Thanks to modern chemistry, or rather botanical research, it is not unusual for a stout person to lose in weight 7 lb. in a week, and with a rapid return to perfect health, losing that oppressive feeling which troubles stout persons. As much as 4 lb., in rare cases, have been lost in twenty-four hours. A stout lady, due to attend a garden party, say, in a week's time, would show most perceptibly that she had reduced her weight, for when under Mr. Russell's treatment in particular, the medicine first attacks the parts which are most prominently obese, and she would appear considerably attenuated without the aid of the dressmaker. Many ladies ruin their constitutions by living in a state of semi-starvation to keep their weight down. There is not the slightest necessity, for Mr. Russell, the author of the well-known work, "Corpulency and the Cure," frequently finds that the person eats more, although perhaps losing from 2 lb. to 4 lb. a week; and the decoction, which is absolutely harmless, is a most pleasant, refreshing drink. As this paragraph

may have interested lady readers, the address of the publishers of the little book, which only costs six stamps, may be given here. It is "Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C." This book is most interesting and useful.—From *Midland Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 12, 1893.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure," and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The Editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required." To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am 'just half the size.'" A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*, Aug. 27, 1892.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK
INTERESTING TO LADIES.

although we have had really serious music in the first part of every concert each evening. If you went through the file of the programmes I have here, you would see that each evening's programme contains a great deal of classical music. We call Wednesday the classical night, but every other evening has been equally entitled to be so designated, so far as orchestral music is concerned. And the audiences we have had have not been Promenade Concert audiences at all in the old sense of the word. There has been no promenading. The audiences have come at the commencement, and have stayed to the end; they have absolutely listened to every note. Their thoughtful appreciation has been remarkable."

"From all which you gather that the popular taste is improving?"

"Well, I think, given the opportunity, it would improve, because this experience is proof of it. Although the concerts have, of course, been under the management of Mr. Farley Sinkins, the entire details of the programme have been absolutely in my own hands, and it is only by the continual variety which I have been able to give to the public that this fact has been rendered obvious. And it is because I have had an orchestra which has been able to play everything, in many cases with comparatively little rehearsal, that we have been able to give the people this variety. Candidly, I believe there is no other country, no other city in the world, that could give such programmes as we have been giving in the same space of time and under the same conditions."

"How does this contrast with your experience elsewhere?"

"Let me give you a typical case—that is, my experience when I went to Melbourne to conduct the concerts at the Centennial Exhibition in 1888. There were two concerts daily for six months. They were under the direction of the Government, who spent many thousands of pounds; the object being educational, the rendering of the best music in the best possible manner was desired. And the public responded wonderfully, remembering that the field was comparatively barren soil. We used to see the same faces day after day."

"Now, as to the long postponed 'Signa.' Do you go to Milan next month to personally superintend its production?"

"Yes."

"And on your return?"

"We shall start weekly orchestral concerts at the new Queen's Hall, in Langham Place, as a winter series. The Queen's will really be the finest hall in the kingdom."

"And then?"

"I am going to start work on a new opera almost immediately, so that I shall have my hands pretty full. My latest work is that which has been produced at the Norwich Festival this week, 'The Water Lily.'"

"May I lift the curtain on your method in working?"

"Well, I am sometimes a long time in starting. Frequently I am three or four weeks, or longer, before I get the idea of the picture, and comprehend the whole thing in my mind. But when I set to work I work very rapidly, and I work very hard—that is to say, when I am engaged on important work I stick to it for weeks or months until it is finished. Then I may lie fallow for a month or six weeks, and do comparatively nothing, with the exception, perhaps, of a few little songs or compositions of that kind. In my early days I found I could work far into the night, but for the past few years I have never worked beyond twelve or one o'clock. If I am engaged on important work, however, I often write from ten in the morning until eleven or twelve at night, breaking the spell only for meals and a short constitutional. Eleven to twelve hours a day I often work, for weeks at a time. In music, you see, it is very difficult to explain how one works, or when the ideas come. Of course, the same principles apply to music as to all arts—that is to say, ideas grow gradually, and you obtain certain points of support. For instance, in writing you very often get an idea for certain parts of the whole, and then you work up to it or back from it, as the case may be. At other times you can begin at the beginning and go straight away. In music much depends upon whether you are writing purely orchestral music or composing to words, because in the case of words your music must be inspired absolutely by their theme. Even in the case of song composition I always take my words first, and closely study them to obtain their full meaning, and then I wait for the appropriate idea to come. And what is applicable to song is, of course, applicable to a much greater degree to an opera or a cantata."

"And when not composing, your form of relaxation is—"

"Books and a taste for humorous poetry, of which I have written a considerable quantity. But I am a very great lover of books, and, as you see, I have a rare *penchant* for first editions. I have very nearly the whole of the 'firsts' of Dickens and Thackeray, and of the humorous works of Leach and Cruikshank, the Cruikshank collection, indeed, being very large."

"And you have some mementoes, I see."

"Yes; that gold-mounted bâton came with the first performance of 'Ruth.' And I prize a number of beautiful addresses and testimonials I received at Melbourne, together with souvenirs of different kinds I have received from various friends. Portraits, you see, I have without number, both of people in the profession and out of it; but, strange to say, I have a very small musical library."

In this pleasant form of conversational saunter we might have continued for another hour; but the minute was approaching when Mr. Cowen must hurry away to Covent Garden, and with a hearty farewell I left the genial composer to his books, his manuscripts, and his piano.

E. A. T.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The British mission to Afghanistan, led by Sir Mortimer Durand, reached Cabul on the 2nd inst., after a journey of eighteen days from Peshawur, which is only 170 miles away.

The mission received a splendid reception at Cabul. Troops lined the way to the city for some miles, and the Ameer sent his five private carriages to meet the officers. On the parade ground in front of the city about 1000 infantry presented arms, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The members of the mission are staying at Indaki, the palace of the Ameer's eldest son. The Ameer himself, who is residing two miles away in the valley to the west, sent a present of one hundred trays of fruit and confectionery covered with brocades and embroidered velvets, and also some bags filled with specimens of the new Cabul coinage.

The native Indian press now regrets its opposition to Sir Henry Norman's appointment to the Viceroyalty, and suggests that he should reconsider his decision.

Sir A. P. McDonnell, K.C.S.I., of the Bengal Civil Service, has been appointed an Ordinary Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, in succession to Sir Philip Perceval Huthins, K.C.S.I., who has retired.

The Opium Commission is to meet at Calcutta on Nov. 15. No member will draw a salary or remuneration of any kind, but will be allowed only travelling expenses. The Commission will, possibly, be able to submit a report in March.

The revenues of Victoria and Queensland for the past quarter show decreases on the corresponding quarter last year of £250,000 and £60,000 respectively. The revenue of South Australia shows an increase of £9000.

Some idea of the extraordinary character of the retrenchment policy in Victoria may be gleaned from the fact that the Government has decided that the clock towers of country post-offices are in future to be left in darkness.

Madame Antoinette Sterling has again been distinguishing herself in Melbourne in opposing the amendment in the Crimes Act which would weaken the legal protection accorded to girls. The proposed alteration, she said, would make the Act a "damnable law." The *Argus* declares that throughout the proceedings she was emotional to an hysterical degree. "I am a spirit," she told her admirers at one point. When special words of thanks were being spoken of Madame Sterling she pushed the astonished chairman back in his seat, and protested against any thanks to herself as unnecessary.

Mr. Ernest Favenc takes a new view of the Australian native in the current issue of the *Geographical Journal*. Evidence tends to show, he thinks, that had the self-education of the aborigines not been sharply arrested by the invasion of the European, many tribes, at any rate, would have attained a fair social grade, though others might have remained stationary.

Great damage has been caused in New Brunswick by floods. Many extensive farms have been submerged, and the crops in some parts have been quite destroyed.

The Emigrants' Information Office states that work is very scarce in New South Wales. In Western Australia the main feature of interest of late has been the gold-mining industry, and in the south there is an excellent opening for vine-growers with a little capital. The most hopeful note is sounded from New Zealand, where, though the recent arrivals have been so numerous that there is no pressing demand for more, yet the country has so many resources, and the population is still so small that anyone arriving with the knowledge of a trade and with a little money should do well.

South Africa, according to an Austrian economist, may be looked upon as a permanent source of gold. At present the output is increasing rapidly. Whereas, from 1871 to 1883 the total production did not reach 16,000 kilogrammes, it is expected that three and a-half times that quantity will be produced during the present year, placing South Africa at the head of all gold-producing countries.

The Mashonaland difficulty is not being removed, according to the latest reports. Seven thousand Matabele have passed north-east from Fort Victoria, firing on the police of the Chartered Company of South Africa.

The Chartered Company's troops comprise three bodies of 300 mounted men each, stationed at Forts Salisbury, Victoria, and Charter respectively. The men are well officered and provided with machine guns on galloping carriages. There are about 200 men at each fort.

Troubles are also brewing in British West Africa, for it is reported that the Ashantees have defeated the Coranza tribe, and are now threatening the British Protectorate.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Midway in a rapid walk down Regent Street I was arrested by the sight of a veritable poem in colour, a harmony between nature and art—a huge copper vase was filled with clusters of leaves wearing autumn's gorgeously shaded livery, while for background were softly draped folds



of velvet, reproducing faithfully the exquisite shades of the leaves—the deep golden yellows, warm reddish browns, and rich terra-cottas and crimsons. It was one of the most effective and beautifully carried out ideas which I have ever come across, and I think it will be hardly necessary to say that the window before which I stood spellbound with admiration was Liberty's, or that those wondrously hued fabrics were Liberty velveteens.

Under the circumstances, I thought that the very best thing to do was to go inside and make closer acquaintance with these delightful materials, so in a shorter space of time than it takes to write the words I was feasting my eyes on velveteens in every imaginable shade and colour, but colours which appeared in quite a new light to me, softened, deepened, and beautified almost beyond recognition. I never saw before such tender, lovely shades of green, such warmth of russet browns and golds; but there, description is hopeless, and I can only tell you that if you want to enjoy a feast of artistic colour you should go and look at these Liberty velveteens. You need not think, either, that they are beyond the reach of modestly filled purses, for they are only four shillings a yard, though absolutely similar in appearance to the most costly silk velvets.

Once inside those lovely rooms, it was quite an impossibility to go away without some souvenir of my visit in the way of sketches and descriptions of some of the daintily beautiful garments, which are among Liberty's latest productions, so I want you, with the help of the sketch, to try first of all to imagine an evening gown of tea-rose yellow Liberty silk, the gracefully draped skirt caught up slightly at the left side, to show an under petticoat ornamented with bands of gold embroidery. The bodice

is becomingly arranged in puffs, divided by embroidered bands, and the long sleeves, finished off at the wrist by soft frills, are formed of a series of five puffs, caught in by bands of silk, embroidered to match. The delicate colouring and the charming simplicity of this gown make it an ideal garment for a young girl.

The tea gown, which is more elaborate, but equally beautiful, is of rich Thetis brocade, in a lovely shade of green, fitting closely to the figure at the sides, and with a gracefully hanging Watteau back. The front is composed of soft silk in a paler shade of green, embroidered at waist and foot with silk in the two shades, while the revers are turned back with the silk, and the sleeves, with puffs of the brocade at the shoulder and elbow, have prettily shaped cuffs, lined with silk. A full chemisette of white gauze, drawn into an embroidered collar, completes a perfectly beautiful garment.

The new evening cape will, I am sure, find favour in your eyes—it is so delightfully soft and light, and will slip on so easily over any costume, quite apart from its prettiness, which is self-evident. It is made of Liberty velveteen in any desired colour, and has a gauged yoke and full front of soft silk, across which is fastened a daintily embroidered strap. The turned-down collar and shoulder cape are embroidered to match, and the effect altogether is charming.

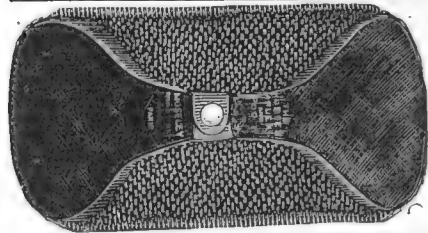
It would be manifestly unfair to exclude the children from some participation in the good things, so on their behalf I have got a sweet little coat of sage-green Pashmin cloth, made full and straight, and with yoke and shoulder frills of velvet, the full sleeves being also finished off with velvet cuffs. With it is worn a little Puritan bonnet of cloth to match, turned back with velvet, the whole forming an eminently seasonable and becoming outdoor garment for a little girl, as most mothers will, I think, allow. I also fell promptly in love with another cloak, destined for some fortunate small person; it was of olive-green Liberty velveteen, the turned-down collar and double shoulder cape edged with cord, and the lining being of golden peach-coloured silk. Then, again, there was a child's cloak in grass-green "Kamil" cloth.



[Continued on page 589.]

BAILEY'S PATENT RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH & WASHING GLOVE.

Price 3s. 6d. each.



This article is used with soap and water in the daily ablutions just as an ordinary washing glove. It causes a gentle friction (the only real and natural skin preserver), and is consequently unequalled for keeping a firm, clear complexion. Its use renders the skin delightfully fresh, soft, and smooth. It is especially recommended for bathing the delicate skin of infants and children.

CLEAN HANDS

For Everyone, no matter what the occupation.

Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our Rubber Brush. Used with soap and water it will remove all kinds of stains; Ink, Tar, Iron Stains, and Paint yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

Price 1s. Larger Size, price 2s.
We are also the makers of BAILEY'S Celebrated Rubber Bath & Flesh Brushes, price 5s. each; Rubber Tooth Brushes, price 10d. and 1s. each; and Teething Rings, price 5d. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. MANUFACTURED BY
DAVID MOSELEY & SON,
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ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



is the best Preserver, Beautifier, and Strengthen of the Hair; prevents it falling off or turning grey, and removes Scurf, &c. It contains no leaden poisons, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired ladies and children. It is unsurpassed as a

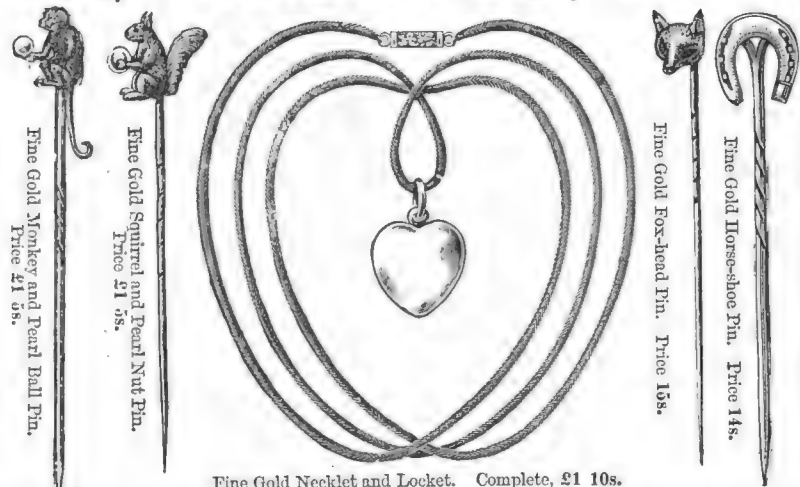
BRILLIANTINE

for ladies' and children's hair, as it is not so greasy or drying as ordinary Brilliantine, and, being most beautifully perfumed, it is the most perfect toilet luxury for everyone. For Whiskers and Moustaches it is also most serviceable. Bottles, 3/6; 7/-; 10/6, equal to 4 small; and 21/-.

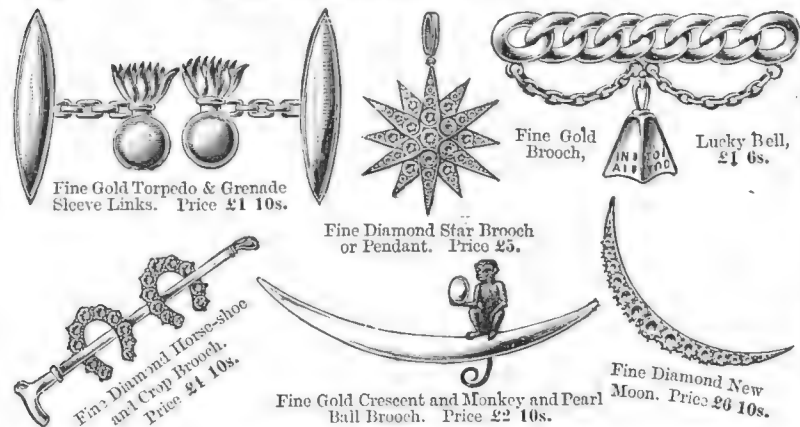
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Fine Diamond New Moon. Price £6 10s.

IN THE PRESENT SEASON
THE LADY'S GREATEST FRIEND IS

ZOELIA

little of which should be applied to the Hair before using the Curling Irons, and which

KEEPS the HAIR in CURL after BATHING.
KEEPS the HAIR in CURL on the RIVER.
KEEPS the HAIR in CURL in HOT WEATHER.
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ZOELIA is the only perfumed preparation which KEEPS the HAIR in CURL, and at the same time is HARMLESS, ECONOMICAL, Free from GUM and GREASE, and is always effective. Bottles 1/- and 2/6 of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c., or direct for 1/3 and 2/6 from

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THE LONDON GLOVE CO.

Desire to direct attention to the few following quotations from their Price List, detailed and illustrated copies of which will be forwarded post free upon application.

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Cinderella Quality.

6 Buttons, 2/3; 8-Button length Mousquetaire, 2/6; 12-Button length ditto, 2/11; 16-Button length ditto, 3/6; 20-Button length ditto, 3/11 per pair. In Black, White, Cream, Pink, Lavender, Biscuit, and Tan Shades.

DRESS KID GLOVES.

6 Buttons, 1/10; 8 Buttons, 2/2. 12 Buttons or Mousquetaire, 2/11; 16-Button length Mousquetaire, 3/11; 20-Button length Mousquetaire, 4/11 per pair. In White only.

LADIES' REAL KID GLOVES.

4 Buttons, 2/4; 6 Buttons, 2/11; 8 Buttons, 3/6; 12 Buttons or Mousquetaire, 4/6 per pair. In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colours.

LADIES' LINED KID.

2-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining, Fur Tops, in Black and Brown Shades 2/6
2-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Lining, Deep Fur Tops, in Black and Brown Shades 2/10

1-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Wool Lining, Deep Fur Tops, in Black and Brown Shades 3/6

1-Clasp Kid, with Self-Coloured Wool Lining, 3-inch imitation Sable Fur Tops, in Brown Shades only 4/6

LADIES' PATENT KNITTED RINGWOOD.

In Black and White, 1/- per pair. In Grey and Light or Dark Heather Mixtures, 1/1 per pair.

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The "COMPANY" desire to call attention to these Departments, which have been recently opened. A Price List will be forwarded Post Free on application.

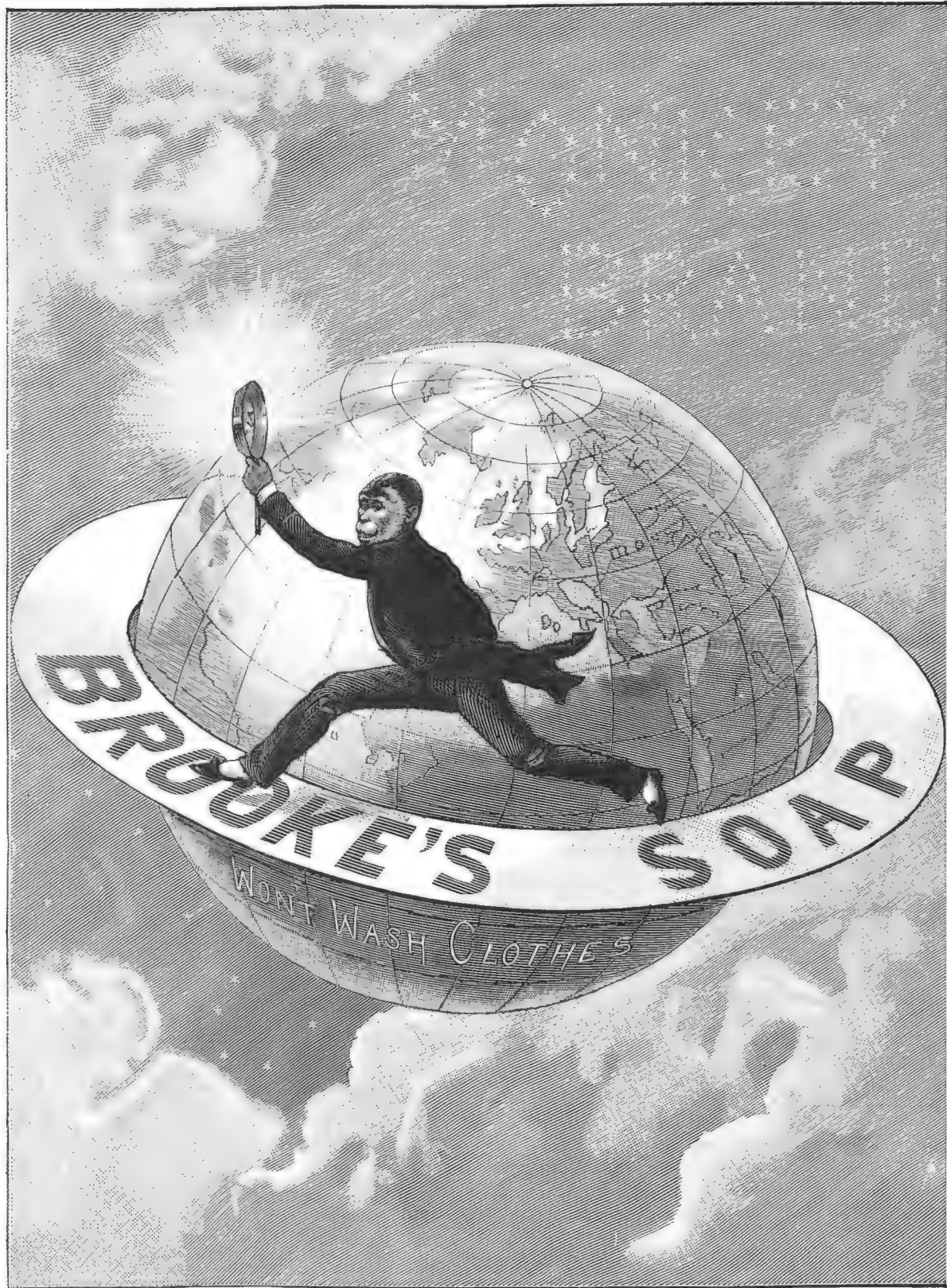
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METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, OIL CLOTHS,
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For Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper Vessels, Fire Irons, Mantels, &c.

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BRINSMEAD PIANOS.

The tone of John Brinsmead and Sons' double oblique, Style 31, with crossed strings, is majestic, and of a beautifully free and singing quality, and the instrument excels in the highest quality of workmanship, touch, tone, and durability. Rosewood, 85 guineas, or 87 8s. 9d. per quarter, on the three years' system.

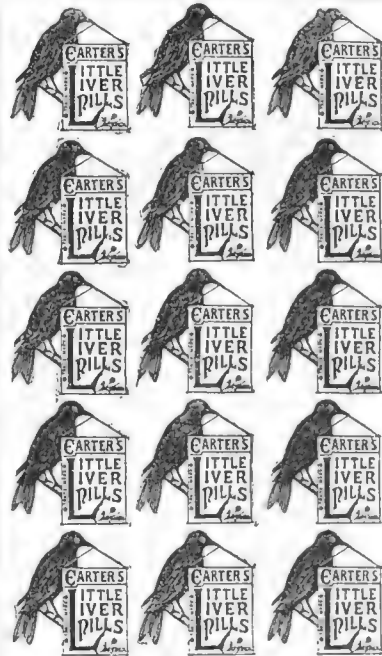
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THE ROYAL WEDDING PERFUME.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York has graciously accepted a supply of "**ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE**," describing it as a "**Charming Scent**."

It is the "sweetest of sweet odours."
Atkinson's is the only genuine.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers; and of the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.



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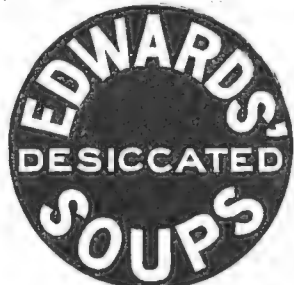
SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.
Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver
Without fail.
Of all Chemists.

1s. 1½d.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

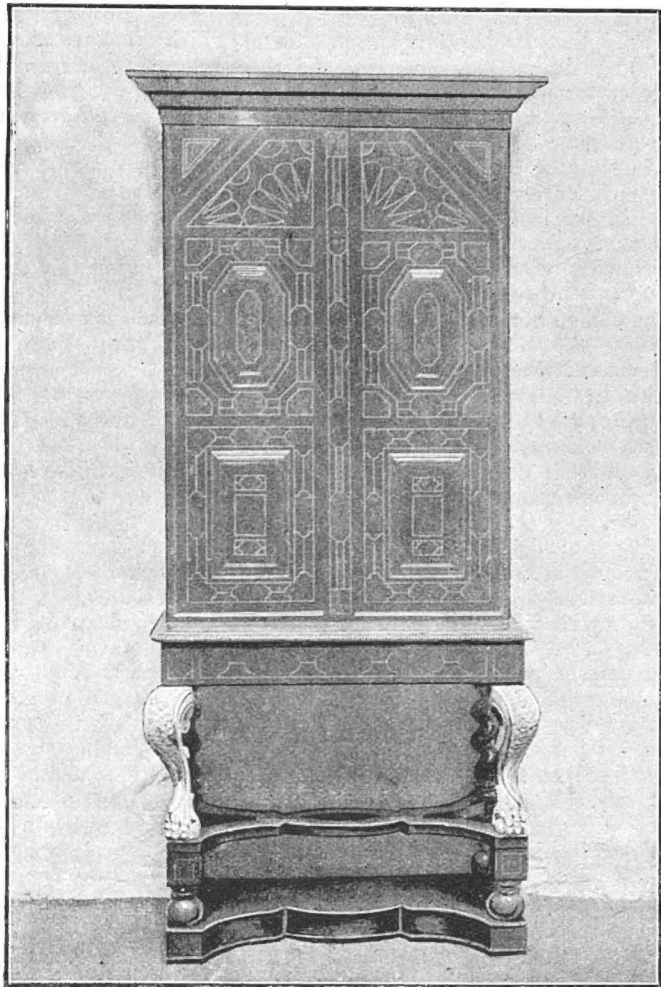
For Making Soups, Gravies, Hashes, &c.



1 lb. Makes Six Quarts of Good Soup by simply boiling.
Cookery Book sent free on application.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
F. KING & CO., Ltd., 3 to 6, Camomile St., London.

very simple and pretty, with its full folds falling from the smocked yoke, which was outlined by an embroidered band, the turned-down collar being ornamented in the same way.

As to the dainty miniature gowns, their name was legion and their charms endless. I always think that for tiny bridesmaids nothing is so picturesquely pretty as the long Liberty frocks of shimmering satin with Puritan bonnets to match, and general opinion seems veering in the



A QUAINT CABINET: CLOSED.

same direction, for at nearly every smart wedding nowadays there are some little Liberty-clad maids in attendance. For ordinary every-day wear, too, Liberty's frocks are wonderfully quaint and pretty, and children never look more fascinating than when arrayed in them.

I must give the grown-up folk the last word, and tell them that Liberty's picture hats of velvet, with graceful, drooping plumes for trimming, are simply lovely, both colouring and arrangement being perfect. These velvet hats are to be so fashionable throughout the winter season that those of you who are going to invest in one should certainly have a look at Liberty's productions before you make a decision, and don't forget to see the velveteens at the same time.

Having thus got back to my original starting-point, I will begin afresh, on a subject which will appeal to most of my readers, I feel sure. Every one of you, no doubt, has, at some time or the other, experienced the discomforts of broken corset bones, and viewed with despair the ruin of an otherwise good pair of stays, for once those side bones have cracked ominously we know what to expect only too well. You may not all, however, be equally well informed as to the method of getting over this very annoying difficulty. The remedy is to be found in the "Venus" corset shields, which, when affixed to the inside of the corset just above and below the waist line, effectually prevent the side steels from breaking, or, even if they have broken, will keep the corset in shape and make it as good as new again. They are kept by all drapers, so when next you are paying a visit to your favourite establishment you should ask to see a pair, and convince yourself of their merits by personal examination.

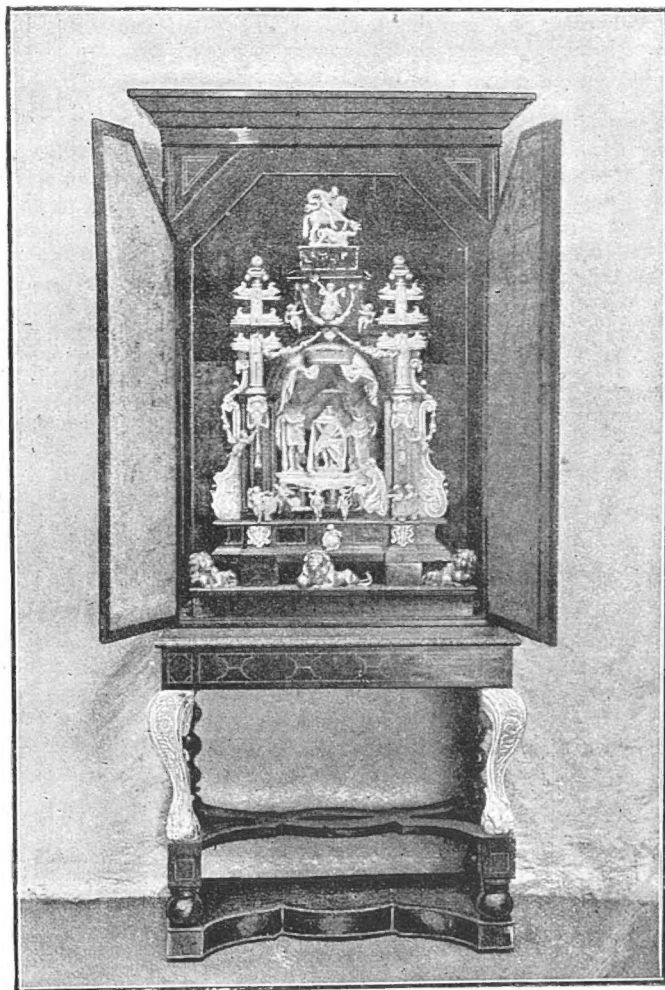
Since manicure has come to be considered as a necessity of our modern well-being, the question of the nail has assumed important dimensions, and seems likely to leave its mark on the face of the century, as in prehistoric days it is reported to have done once or twice on the features of impeachable husbands. No lady travels nowadays without her manicure-box. A Parisian "beautifier" told me a day or two since that finger-nails grow much faster in summer than winter, and those of the right hand quicker than the left. As an instance, he informed me that on an average the left-hand nails require eighty-two days longer to renew themselves than those of the right. This expert further unbosomed himself for my curiosity to declare that most of his rich customers in Paris have their feet manicured now as well as hands, and that the practice is being rapidly followed in London.

Sickness of one kind or another has been so prevalent everywhere lately that most people have, unfortunately, made only too close acquaintance with it. In any case, it is always wise to be prepared for any and every contingency, so I am sure that I shall be doing you a service by drawing your attention to Kingzett's new sulphur fumigating candles, which are now being manufactured by the famous Sanitas Company, of Bethnal Green, E. For the disinfection of rooms, bedding, clothing, &c., after cases of fever or other infectious diseases, they are simply invaluable, obtaining the desired result with the greatest convenience and ease. There has previously been a great deal of difficulty attending the ignition of sulphur for fumigating purposes, but this is quite got over by the new sulphur candles, which take fire as soon as a light is applied to the cone, the combustion proceeding steadily till the whole of the sulphur is consumed. They are very cheap, too, being sold at sixpence and one shilling each, those at the latter price being fitted with water jackets, which, in addition to ensuring safety from fire, materially assist the disinfecting process. The sulphur candles are also most useful for destroying beetles and other nuisances which are a source of trouble when once they get a foothold in kitchens, cellars, &c.; so, fortunately, you need not make acquaintance with illness in order to find out their worth.

FLORENCE.

A QUAINT OLD CABINET.

Cumnor Place, Berkshire, was, as every reader of "Kenilworth" knows, the home, and some time the prison, of Amy Robsart. Among its contents at a much later date was a cabinet, described by Richardson in his "Studies from Country Mansions," which, after being lost sight of for many years, was found in Holland, and is now to be seen in Mr. Frederick Litchfield's Hanway Street Gallery. The exterior of the cabinet is of ebony tortoise-shell and silver with ivory legs, and the kind of inlay will be seen from our illustration, which, however, cannot convey the effect of the rich colouring. The interior is a most elaborate representation in carved ivory of the apotheosis of James II., and we have Richardson's authority for stating that it was presented by James to Louis XIV. The French coat-of-arms on an escutcheon is behind the seated monarch, who is supported by Hercules and Minerva; above the canopy is a figure of St. George and the dragon, while Cupids and emblems of James's office as Lord High Admiral, &c., and the heraldic



THE CABINET OPEN.

emblems of England, Scotland, and Ireland complete the design. Mr. Litchfield has a copy of Richardson's book, in which the cabinet is well illustrated, so that visitors can compare the original with the drawing made from it when that work was published. Collectors of Stuart relics should not miss an opportunity of seeing such an interesting specimen.

ALL ABROAD.

Prince Bismarck is not recovering so rapidly as was hoped. He has sold the copyright of his memoirs to a firm of German publishers for £25,000, for posthumous publication.

Tobacco is to be taxed in Germany to bear part of the expense of the new military measures. The existing tax on home-grown tobacco is to be abolished, and the Customs duty on the imported article is to be reduced. But in their stead is introduced a carefully balanced system of graduated taxation on all manufactured forms of tobacco intended for consumption within the Empire, calculated upon the value of the raw material and the cost of production.

The general issue of the elections to the Lower House in the Swedish Diet is regarded as a manifestation of Swedish national feeling against the Norwegian Separatists. The Moderate Free Trade party has been strengthened, and will hold the balance between the Conservative Protectionists and the Ultra Free Trade Radicals. The result of the general election in Norway next summer will be waited with interest.

A hundred ancient tombs have been unearthed in the isle of Salamis. A large cemetery has also been discovered. It belonged to a city mentioned by Strabo as lying opposite the isle of Ægina.

People have been wondering what has become of Emin Pasha's little girl, Ferida. She is with her aunt, in Berlin. The child is described as being nine years of age, very small, but unusually pretty; she seems, also, to be high-spirited and intelligent. She has no knowledge of the sad fate of her father, and the recollection of her mother, who died when she was five years old, has passed away.

Moors v. Spaniards—they are at it again, as they have been any time for a great many centuries. The Spaniards have been working at Fort Guariach, near Melilla, and the Moors have been destroying the work as fast as it was put up. The Spaniards, under General Margallo, determined to stop this, and were attacked by a well-armed horde of Moors, who, however, were severely defeated. The Spanish Government has decided to inflict a severe chastisement on the Moors.

Madagascar is being ravaged by influenza, and the people, it is said, are being decimated. At the capital, Antananarivo, the epidemic has attained the proportions of a veritable plague.

The text of the Franco-Siamese treaty and convention has at last been published. The Siamese renounce all pretensions to the whole of the territories on the left bank of the Mekong and to the islands in the river, and recognise the right of France to establish consulates in Siam wherever it may think proper. The convention embodies stipulations for the evacuation of the posts in the surrendered territories.

The unveiling of the monument erected at Molokai by the National Leprosy Fund of Great Britain in memory of Father Damien took place on Sept. 11. It was an interesting ceremony. Early in the morning, a party landed from Honolulu, including the Bishop of Panopolis, who is Vicar Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, the Bishop of Honolulu, along with certain Government officials, and as they stepped ashore the leper band struck up a stirring Hawaiian hymn.

Standing in the midst of the unhappy lepers and their friends, Mr. Stiles, Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, delivered a striking oration, in which he picturesquely biographed Father Damien. "Treasure the statue," he said, in his closing words. In the dark hours of affliction may the work of the skilled artist inspire you with the hope that Art's herald angel first sang to a sin-darkened world." The lepers wept.

The Brazilian revolutionists seem to be winning all along the line. A good deal of sympathy is given to Admiral de Mello. Large numbers of fugitives from Rio have arrived in Monte Video, having fled from the Brazilian capital to escape imprisonment.

When the last letter of Mr. Frederick Jackson, who is exploring the region of Nova Zembla, was despatched by him from Yugor Straits on Aug. 28, Dr. Nansen had left the same place but ten days before. Mr. Jackson's letter was brought to Archangel by a Russian gunboat. It is unlikely that any further tidings of either explorer can be obtained this year.

Lieutenant Peary, by-the-way, expects to bring back phonograph specimens of the language spoken by the natives living north of the Greenland mainland. He will possibly erect a house, lit by electricity, and heated by kerosene oil.

An American whaling steamer, the Newport, is said to have got within six degrees of the North Pole this summer. She was unable to proceed further, but it is believed that had the vessel been supplied with dogs and sleds the Pole might have been reached over the ice.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 7, 1893.

The Bank return is again favourable enough to allow of a reduction of the official rate, and for the moment we see every prospect of cheap money continuing. The success of the New South Wales loan is a very satisfactory feature, showing, as it does, that, despite the pessimist theories of certain newspaper scribes, the great investing public not only has money to lend, but is prepared to lend it, and believes in the soundness of our chief Australasian colonies.

We think that the absurdly cheap rates at which we have allowed colonies like Queensland, Victoria, and their fellows to borrow has probably led the whole Australian group into increasing their indebtedness far too fast, but to have suddenly cut off supplies could have led to nothing but disaster; and the British public has played the part of a wise banker in charging a higher price to help New South Wales over the stile at such a moment of national and financial depression as the present. If the investing public of this country will make the colonies understand that they must pay a little higher rate of interest, and confine their borrowings within reasonable limits, matters will soon right themselves on the Southern Continent.

In the United States the silver question still overshadows everything, and, despite the very satisfactory bank return from New York, the market remains feverish and uncertain; nor can we expect any real improvement of a lasting character until there is some decisive indication of how things are to go in the Senate. It is true that stocks like Lake Shores, which we induced you to buy at 117, are up to 124, but these are the Consols of the American railway market, and it is in the lower-priced and more speculative shares that the revival, if it is to be worthy of the name, must come.

The Board of Trade has published some interesting figures as to the capital invested in English rails, from which it appears that £944,000,000, or an amount exceeding the National Debt by about £270,000,000, is the actual paid-up capital of the railways of the United Kingdom, and that the average rate of interest earned and paid on this vast sum is, approximately, 4 per cent.—by no means a bad return, if only, as a Chatham shareholder remarked to us, it were only a little more evenly distributed. The coal strike has again left its mark on the traffic, and the total net loss to the railway interest from this deplorable struggle cannot be less than three-quarters of a million sterling up to date. The effect of this, falling, as it must do, almost exclusively on the ordinary and deferred shareholders of the Great Northern and Western trunk lines cannot fail to be disastrous to the half-year's dividends, especially in the case of the Midland Company, whose net decrease already amounts to about half a million.

The French keep up their attacks on Italian credit by the circulation of all sorts of alarmist rumours. The financial position of the peninsula is, no doubt, weak enough, but the attacks upon the credit of all things Italian is one of the most extraordinary exultations of what the French call patriotism we have witnessed for a long time. As to Brazil, we can only say, dear Sir, that for the moment the less said the better. You may well leave the defence of the market quotations of Brazilian stock to that great financial house which has controlled the country's borrowings for so many years.

The position of the Eastern banks has been brought prominently forward by the report of the directors of the Agra Bank, who propose to deal with the depreciation of the rupee by boldly writing £4 a share off the paid-up capital. A great deal has been written about the course which other institutions will take in dealing with the like difficulty, but it must be remembered that most of the Eastern banks have been facing the position for some years, and have written already a good bit off the par value of their capital.

All sorts of stories have been current as to a break-up of the pool among the various Mexican railways, but short of guarded official denials nothing definite has been made public. We are inclined to think that it is probable proposals for some alteration of the existing arrangement have been made and declined by the Mexican Railway Board. If you have any of the latter company's second preference stock, in our judgment it is a good time to sell it, but we cannot advise a "bear," which might possibly lead to disaster in so small a stock. You understand too well, dear Sir, the difference between selling that which you can deliver and opening a right out "bear" of stock, which might at any time be cornered, for us to dwell upon the distinction.

You will have noticed that the Rio Tinto dividend is seven shillings a share. As far as the mining market is concerned, the position is comparatively favourable, and it would not take much public buying to establish quite a healthy tone; but it is just the lack of any support at all from outsiders which keeps things so quiet. The shares of the Chartered Company have kept wonderfully steady when we consider the dangers of the position in Mashonaland, and will, in all probability, move upwards smartly if the quarrel with Lobengula is settled by the decisive defeat of that sable chieftain. You must judge for yourself, dear Sir, of the chances of the war which seems to be inevitable.

Next week we hope to find room for a word or two upon a topic which is practically absorbing more interest than any other among the House brokers, and which you have more than once mentioned in your letters—we mean, of course, the Gaming Act of 1890, and the use which unscrupulous clients are making of it.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

STARVED INTO MUTINY.

A famous mutiny on shipboard came to pass in this way: When the ship, which had sailed from London, was well down the Channel, it was found that the provisions intended for the use of the crew were rotten and, of course, uneatable. The men complained to the captain, who promised to put into some near port and exchange the bad stores for good. He failed to keep his word, and as the poor sailors couldn't sail the ship 10,000 miles on empty stomachs, they killed the captain and mate, helped themselves to the cabin provisions, held high jinks for a few weeks, and finally scuttled the ship, put off in the boats, and were all lost but three. The captain could have prevented all this if he had chosen to; but perhaps the owners and he had put up the bad job on the men. Very likely, and got served out for it. They were both criminals and fools.

But there are ships that must needs sail to the end of the voyage with only the original stores. Come what may, they can't go back or put into any port. Some are well found and others badly; and so voyages differ.

To modify the illustration, the latter kind of vessels are human beings. At birth we sail on a voyage, which by rights ought to be seventy years long. But how many of us continue on the Sea of Life that long? Very few, comparatively. Most of us go down sooner. Why? Because we recklessly, carelessly, or ignorantly waste the stock of *vital force* with

which Nature endows us at the start. There are no meat shops or bakeries on the Atlantic, nor are there any places after birth where we can beg or buy more "life." This is perfectly plain to me. Is it plain to you? I am afraid it isn't. Let's see whether a little incident will throw light on it.

Mr. Henry Fish had been a fortunate man. His forbears had done well by him. Up to the autumn of 1890 he could say, "I have always been strong and healthy." For thirty years he had worked as a painter for one employer. He must have been not only a healthy man, but a good painter. So far, his "vitality," his *constitution*, had been equal to all demands on it. It had endured a lot of hard work, resisted the weather, and digested his food. Then it refused to go on. It struck work. It wouldn't make sail or pull an oar. In plain English, the symptoms or signs of the trouble were these: Loss of appetite, bad taste in the mouth, terrible pains after eating, yellow eyes and skin, and rheumatic gout in the feet. His legs and stomach became fearfully swollen, and his heart palpitated and thumped frightfully nearly all the time. On account of the distress given him by solid food he could only eat slops, and not much strength can be got out of them.

By and by, the best he could do was to hobble about on crutches. He could not lie abed at all, because he couldn't draw his breath when lying down. For over a month he snatched what sleep he could when supported upright on his crutches. Just think of that, and be thank-

ful it wasn't your case. He wasn't able to lift his hand to his mouth, and had to be nursed night and day. He got so low (in spite of doctors attending him) that he didn't expect to live, and didn't desire to. One doctor said he had heart disease, and that his heart was big as a bullock's which was nonsense. During all this illness Mr. Fish had a professional nurse from a convalescent home. When he had sank so low as to make it a wonder how he kept alive at all, he first heard of the medicine which finally cured him. In concluding his letter he says, "After beginning to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I never looked behind me. I got stronger every day, and have ailed nothing since. This medicine saved my life, and I want the public to know it. (Signed) Henry Fish, Great Malvern, County of Worcester, Jan. 12, 1893."

Only a word more. We spoke of men and women being like ships that have to sail to the end of the voyage with what supplies they start with. By that we mean not supplies of food, *but supply of power to digest food*. You see the difference? Bread and meat are no better than lead and leather if you can't digest them. In Mr. Fish's case it was not food that failed, but *power to use it*. He had indigestion and dyspepsia. The wonderful remedy discovered by Mother Seigel stopped the waste of vitality caused by the disease, and enabled Nature to use food to build up the perishing body. He will now proceed, we hope, toward the port of Old Age, with favouring winds.

Yet, save for timely rescue, he would doubtless have gone down, as millions do, leaving but a momentary eddy over the spot where they disappear.

"SANITAS" KILLS ALL DISEASE GERMS.

"Sanitas" Reg'd TRADE MARK.
Best & Most Popular
Disinfectant.
In all Cases of Fever & for Purifying Use
"Sanitas" Fluids, Powders & Soaps.
Send for Pamphlet,
the Sanitas Co^l Bethnal Green, London E.

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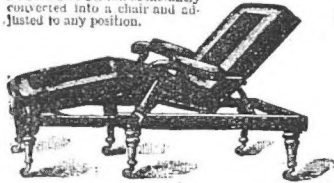
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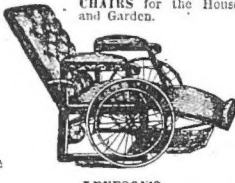


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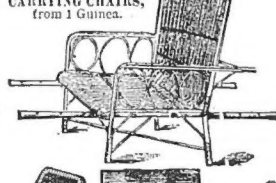
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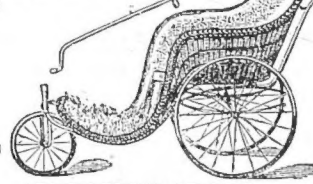
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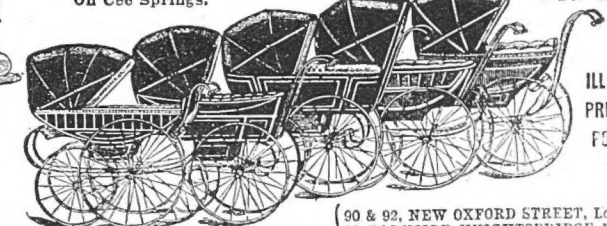
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